# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol VI. No 40. J. J. BURKE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. *Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, June 1, 1893.* ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.



**THE WAUKEGAN PUMP CO.**

In Basement under Finnegan's Shoe Parlor, 134 Genesee St.,
is the name of the new

**Pump and Windmill Firm,**

NOW OPEN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE

IRON, WOOD, CHAIN, ELEVATOR AND STEAM **PUMPS,**

**Hot Water and Steam Radiators and Steam Fitters' Supplies,**

HOSE, BELTING, TANKS, WINDMILLS $25 UP.

Wood, Iron, Chain and Elevator Pumps sold, and delivered *Free of Charge.* All goods warranted and work guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to in both country and city.

**WAUKEGAN PUMP COMPANY,**
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.


**Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.**

| Going North. Lv. Chicago. | Arv. at Antioch. | Going South. Lv. Antioch. | Arv. at Chicago. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *No. 1, 10:45 PM§ | 12:46 AM. | *No. 2, 4:30 AM § | 7:15 AM. |
| ¥No. 7, 8:00 AM | 10:22 AM. | ¥No. 8, 5:21 PM | 7:15 PM. |
| §No. 9, 4:00 PM | 6:37 P.M | §No. 10, 6:53 AM | 10:00 AM. |
| ¥No. 5, 2:30 PM | 4:29 PM. | §No. 4, 8:10 AM | 10:03 AM. |
| §No. 3, 5:00 PM | 6:45 PM' | *No. 6, 10:33 AM | 12:30 PM. |
| ‖No. 61, 8:30 AM | 10:37 AM. | ‖No. 60, 6:11 PM | 8:50 PM. |
| | | †No. 62, 6:35 AM | 8:35 AM. |

Reference marks: *stop on signal. § daily. ¥ daily except Sunday. *. daily except Sunday and Monday. Reference marks: ‖ Sun. only. † Mon. only.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agent.


Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. $1,25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, PUBISHER. : A. F. BURKE, LOCAL EDITOR.


## Antioch Home News.

Henry Schad, of Waukegan, visited with friends here this week.

Wm. Gray will build an addition to his residence on Lake Ave. this season.

Ernest Foltz, of Burlington, took in the ball at the opera house Friday evening.

Try the L. R. Erskine waterproof and weather proof paints. For sale only by A. P. Ames & Son.

Allen Rogers, of this village entertained his son Jud. and grandson Jasper Denick, of Kansas, the past week.

August Einfeldt and family, of Oak Park, Ill., moved to their cottage at Lake Marie the fore part of the week,

There will be racing at the Waukegan Driving Park Saturday, June 3. Admittance free. Everybody should attend. A number of good horses will be on the track.

The Chic Perkins Comedy Co entertain good sized audiences at the Opera House this week. They play all the new and popular dramas of the day and introduce many catchy songs and dances.

C. O. Foltz informs us that he has sold upwards of 20,000 of his patent globes since they were placed on the market. This goes to show that a good article is always appreciated and finds ready market.

The Security Savings Bank, of Waukegan, has a capital of $50,000.-00, transacts a general banking business; receives deposits of $1.00 or more; pays 4 per cent on deposits. Money payable on demand. Customers' valuable papers kept in our vault free of charge. Watchman on guard all night. Choice 6 per cent farm loans for sale; principal and interest guaranteed. Chas. Whitney, Pres., W. C. Upton, Vice Pres, John Mulhall Cashier.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.

All the latest sizes and styles of photo's at A. E. Hatch's Gallery.

Frank Marsh a former resident of this vicinity visited here the past week.

Our clubbing rates allow us to offer you the ANTIOCH NEWS and Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* one year for $1.80.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson and the Misses Nellie Burnett and Ida Turner attended the wedding of Miss Maggie Wallace, a sister of Mrs. Watson, at Waukesha last week.

The May party at the Wilton opera house was well attended and a very pleasant time is reported by those who were present. The Waukesha Orchestra furnished the music in their usual excellent way and left nothing to be desired in that direction.

Lovers of good horses and those interested in breeding them should not fail to see the three fine stallions owned by G. A. Voltz, which may be seen at his stable on the old Voltz farm one mile east of Liberty Corners. The list comprises, Gus Voltz, with a three-year-old record of 2:20¾, sired by Phallas, record 2:13¾; Lucky V., No. 8915, sired by Swigert, dam by Nutwood Chief; and Able, sired by California, dam by George M. Patchen.

The Chicago Evening Journal's Saturday issue is a paper of rare excellence in many respects. One of it's most entertaining features is a series of short copyrighted stories now in course of preparation. They are by the best known authors of America, and Great Britian, such writers as Geo. R. Sims, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, John Habberton, Justin Mc Carthy and Henry Herman contributing. There is not a poor story in the series. The Evening Journal is a model newspaper for the family. Subscribe.

Men's oil grained Congress shoes $1.25 at Ben Stone's.

A. G. Watson was in the world's fair city Wednesday.

John Welch and wife were in Chicago Wednesday of this week.

Messrs. E. B. Williams, G. R. Olcott and Will Williams visited the world's fair Sunday.

Mrs. C. B. Caldwell, of Richfield, N. Y. is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Bates.

FOR SALE, a number of choice new milch cows and springers. Address Wm. Rinear, Antioch, Ill.

Don't fail to see the Chic Perkins Co. this week at the Opera House. A strong troupe in popular plays.

Call at Hatch's gallery and see samples of photo's and you will be satisfied their work is of the best quality.

The Waukegan Pump Co. have an ad in this issue. Parties desiring anything in their line would do well to see them.

Meyers & Son. of Rockford, Ill., recently erected a beautiful monument for Mrs. Joseph Williams in the cemetery at this place. George Drake, of this village, acts as agent for the above firm and secured the order for the monument.

Many from this vicinity attended the Decoration Day exercises at Burlington Tuesday. In the morning the graves of our soldier dead who sleep in the cemetery at this place were strewn with flowers by loving friends and relatives.

I have for sale a loan of $3,000, due in 5 years at 5 per cent per annum, secured by first mortgage on farm worth $6,000 to $7,000. I also have for sale good notes of $100 to $1,700, drawing 6 per cent. Write me if you want a good loan.

URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier,
Kenosha, Wis.

Through the courtesy of State Senator Coon, of Waukegan, we lately received a copy of a neatly printed book containing portraits and biographical sketches of the members of the Illinois General Assembly, State officers and the Press for the current year. Senator Coon has our thanks and best wishes.

N. Peterson has bought out the good will, stock and fixtures of Andrew Peterson in the wagon, making business and now runs the shop in connection with his blacksmithing. Having secured the services of a competent wagon-maker he desires the people of this locality to call on him when in need of anything in his line. The wagon shop is now located over his blacksmith shop and he is in shape to do all work promptly and at reasonable rates. 3w 6-1

Mrs. Joseph Rinear, one of the most esteemable ladies of this community, died at her home in this village Thursday last. Her death although not wholly unexpected, came at a time when least looked for by many of her friends in the village. For several weeks she had hovered between life and death, sometimes rallying and then again sinking into a state of semi-unconsciousness. Her friends who flocked to her bedside at times noticed changes that they imagined for the better and it was thought that she would recover. But this was not to be. Surrounded by the members of her family she sank peacefully to rest to awaken let us hope on a far brighter shore than this. The funeral at the Methodist church Sunday was largely attended. The interment was in the cemetery here. The aged husband and the relatives have the sincere sympathy of all.

C. O. Foltz was in Burlington, Wis., this week.

Mr. Runey, of the Waukegan Pump and Windmill Co., will soon be out in this part of the county, prepared to put in pumps on trial and to sell wind mills at $25 and upward. His goods are the best and prices the lowest.

It was with feelings of deep regret that the people of this community learned of the sudden death of Mrs. Edwin Richards at her home in this village last Monday. When the sad report first reached many of our people they could not believe it to be true and hastened to her home there only to have their worst fears realized. The grim harvester Death had been there before them and had gathered home one who through life had been honored and esteemed by all who knew her.

Ever ready to assist the needy her own sickness, her own cares were forgotton in sympathy for the distress of others, and many there are who have had true cause to cherish her memory in the fullness of their hearts and pray God to bless for her kind and unselfish acts. Her death was a sudden and a terrible blow to the husband and family who have the heartfelt commiseration of all who know them. Heart disease is the cause assigned for her death which came wholly unexpected to those around her, she being apparently as well as usual until within a very short time previous to her sudden demise. Of the immediate family she leaves a husband and five children, four girls and one boy, to mourn her loss. The funeral service will be to-day (Thursday) at the M. E. Church in this village, after which the remains will be laid at rest in the Monaville Cemetery.

### Sunday School Convention.

The Lake Co. Sunday School Association will hold a convention at the M. E. Church at Gages Lake Wednesday, June 7th, all day. Our State and Normal work will be shown up. A good program will be provided and you may expect some excellent vocal music. Every pastor in this county is earnestly requested to announce the time and place of this convention from his pulpit. All Sunday School workers are cordially invited to come. Let every christian work and pray for the boys and girls of dear old Lake County.

C. W. Hudson, Pres.


**ROYALIST 9438,**

RECORD: 2.42.



DESCRIPTION:

Color Dark Bay, stands 10¼ hands high, Weight 1300 pounds. He is expected to enter the list this Season. The blood lines of Royalist can hardly be excelled. He inherits speed from every ancester for generations back. His full brother, Royalty, is the sire of two in the list; his full sister, Harriet, is the dam of one, and his half brother, Alexander, is the sire of two. Royalist has had but one of his colts handled, viz: Tossie D, record 2.34½ at four years old. Royalist trotted in 2.42 his first and only race, a record he is bound to considerably lower this season. For further information address as below.

**GOV. VIDELL,**

Well known to all horsemen and farmers as one of Chester Chief's most promising sons, is still owned by me, and will make the season at my stables at $10 the season, $15 to insure.

☞Tabulated Pedigree mailed on application.

F. J. DEITMEYER, Owner,
Waukegan, :-: Illinois.

1875. EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SOUND, SAFE AND SOLID BANKING. 1893.

**DAN HEAD & CO.,**

**BANKERS,**

**KENOSHA, - WISCONSIN**

Country Merchants, Livestock Dealers, Farmers, in fact all who are obliged to handle any money in small or large amounts, would find it pleasant and to their advantage to open a Bank account.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS DRAWN ON THIS BANK.

**Keep no money at your homes.**

Checks on this Bank pass at "Par" all over the United States; any store keeper will give you the cash for checks drawn on this Bank.

**DEPOSITS FROM $1,00 UP RECEIVED.**

We also issue a "Bond Form Coupon Certificate." that draws 4 per-cent per annum, payable every six months.

**INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.**

If you have any money that you wish to loan on Mortgage Security we can place it for you. No charge. Good Mortages on hand and for sale in sums to suit, that will pay you six per-cent interest.

**City 5 per-cent and Covernment 4 per-cent Bonds for sale.**

**Our "Nickel Savings Bank,"**

IS NOW OPEN AND IN RUNNING ORDER.

(Write us for particulars.)

*We Have ONE of the BEST Burglar Proof Vaults in the World.*

Bring in your valuable papers and deposit them therein.

DAN HEAD, President. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier.
Wm. ENGEL, V. Pres. F. W. ENGEL, Ass't Cashier.

WAUKEGAN **Abstract Co.**

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF D. L. JONES.

**This Company is the sole owner of The Entire set of Abstract Books Formerly Compiled and owned by W. H. Ellis.**

They are complete to all real-estate in Lake County from Government to date, and are the only complete Abstract books of Lake Co., real-estate.

**We also have the set compiled by D. L. JONES, which gives us the advantage of two sets.**

D. L. JONES, Manager. C. A. PARTRIDGE, President.

**A. P. AMES,**

—DEALER IN—

**HARDWARE, TIN WARE,**

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves.

**FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS.**

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC,

**Milk Cans Our Specialty**

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

New Shoes
hurt one's feet.

*There is a temptation to make the old ones do, even when they have begun to let in damp, rather than to hobble painfully in new. To combine the advantages of both*

**BEN STONE,**
**Antioch, Illinois,**

SELLS
SHOES THAT
DO NOT HURT,

*Yet are elegant shaped, wear well and do not cost dear.*

Test this statement; a call will convince. Your old horror of new shoes will vanish. Our patrons neither hobble in new or slouch in superannuated shoes. They

Walk in a more Excellent way,

BEN STONE, Repairing neatly and cheaply done.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, : ILLINOIS.

# NEWS SUMMARY.

## Weekly News Review of the World

It was decided at New York to place the affairs of the National Bank of Deposit in the hands of a Board of Trustees.

Herr Schott, the Austrian court dentist, is missing. The police of Vienna believe he has been murdered.

The betrothal of the Duke of York and the Princess Victoria May of Teck, whose marriage will occur July 6, has given a much needed impetus to trade throughout England, particularly at the West End of London.

The American Starch Works at Columbus, Ind., will shut down indefinitely, according to an announcement made by its officers. One hundred men will be thrown out of employment.

It is reported 1,600 Russian troops are marching to Murghabi fort in the Pamir country. It is believed a large force will gather there this summer.

Eleonora Duse, who has fully recovered from her indisposition, made her debut in "Camille" at the Lyric Theater, London. The house was crowded by a fashionable audience and the great actress scored a marked success.

The pupils of the high school at Ploen, in Holstein, visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. The Prince said: "We are living in a time full of unrest. But possibly matters will again flow calmly. Anyhow, there is hope. The shedding of blood is a thankless business."

Gov. Flower and party leave Albany Wednesday for the World's Fair.

The Governor and party will leave on Wednesday for a two-weeks' visit to the World's Fair.

Senator Eula has accepted the Italian Ministry of Finance, thus putting an end for the present to the Cabinet crisis.

Nearly one hundred houses have been burned in the Village of Strang, Austria. Many persons were injured by the falling of the church tower.

The Canadian Liquor Commission, to investigate the workings of the prohibition law, took evidence at Des Moines, Iowa. They did not regard the law with much favor. Local Prohibitionists believed the law practically amounted to local option.

William Wehlry rushed home from the circus at Elkhart, Ind., procured $600, and slapped it down in triumph before two sharpers in proof that if he lost at the game they had proposed he could pay. There was the usual result, with the addition that they continued to convince him of their own honesty until the circus got away from town. The man who grabbed the money and ran away has not been caught.

The Butchers' National Protective Association is in session at Shelbyville, Ind.

Ex-Treasurer Vincent of Alabama, who was sentenced to twenty years for embezzling $90,000 has been pardoned.

William H. Engebreston, Assistant Secretary of the Rockford (Ill.) Insurance Company, died at Rockford of typhoid fever.

Chairman Taggart and Secretary Reilly of the Indiana Democratic State Committee are both candidates for State Auditor before the coming convention.

James Radcliffe, arrested in Texas, has been lodged in the Belleville, Ill., jail on the charge of stealing ten carloads of cattle from various members of the Cattle Growers' Association of Northern Texas.

Observer Charlois at Nice discovered on the night of the 19th and 20th three minor planets of the twelfth and thirteenth magnitudes.

A notorious gang of counterfeiters, who have been carrying on extensive operations in the City of Mexico for several months, have been captured by the police. The leader of the band is Julio Modenza, a highly educated man, formerly in the employ of the government. Several thousand dollars of spurious coin and the entire outfit were also captured.

Near Gabriel, Mexico, Tomas Meirujo, a bandit, and one of his men tried to murder Boone Baker, the American station agent of the International Railway. Baker fought bravely, wounding Tomas severely with the latter's sword, until shot in the forearm by the bandit's henchman. The timely appearance of a section foreman caused the Mexicans to retreat, but both were captured later by a posse. Tomas is likely to die of his wounds.

### CZAR'S BONDS ARE TAXED.

**Subject to Duty on Entering or Leaving Russia Territory.**

NEW YORK, May 27.—The Russian postal authorities have given notice that on and after June 13 bonds of the Russian government will be liable to customs duties, both when imported into or exported from Russia; also that if discovered in the mails in that country the amount of 25 per cent of their value will be retained as a penalty.

Packages addressed to Russia which are known to contain such bonds will consequently be refused when offered for mailing at the postoffice either as registered or ordinary matter.

### BLANK BALLOTS MISSING.

**Claim in the Galesburg Election Contest That Votes Have Been Stolen.**

GALESBURG, Ill., May 25.—In the Mayorality election contest the judges and clerks of the Sixth Ward were called to testify to the number of blank ballots cast in that ward. Their estimates varied from twenty to forty. In the ballots as counted in court there were but four or five blanks, and in that ward on the recount there is a gain of twenty-two for Cook. Claims are being made that the votes have been tampered with. A hole was found in the envelope that contained them.

### ARE GIVEN WARNING.

**Many Bank Charters Will Be Forfeited.**

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The Treasury department will soon issue a circular of far-reaching importance to national banks and bankers and to the banking public. It will take as a text the failures of national banks which are occurring from day to day, and will point out that these failures are being caused by the speculation of bank officials. But the most important feature of the circular will be its suggestions in the nature of a fair warning that, unless this practice is at once abandoned, the federal authorities will take steps to forfeit the charters of a good many national banks.

This circular is the result of a feeling aroused in administration circles over recent bank failures. For several days there had been a respite in failures, but to-day they began again. First came the collapse of the National Bank of Deposit in New York, which occurred after the close of banking hours, and was not reported here until the morning. A little later came the announcement from Elmira, N. Y., that the leading national bank there had closed its doors.

The treasury officials found that private speculation among the bank official had again been the cause of these two failures. It was this that brought about the determination to issue the very pointed official circular to all national banks warning them that their charters would be forfeited if the bank officers were permitted to speculate with the funds of the bank.

Comptroller Eckels learned that President Zimri Dwiggins of Columbia Bank fame had again figured in the affairs of the National Bank of Depo it at New York. It appears that Mr. Dwiggins held a contract with the New York bank by which he was to secure the entire control of it. The contract was vacated, however, about a week ago. Outside of the contract the bank held about $100,000 of the peculiar stock issued by Mr. Dwiggins. This entanglement with Dwiggins is regarded as the cause of the New York failure. The official reports from Elmira show that the bank officers were carrying on wholesale private speculation. The capital of the bank was $250,000, but the loans to bank officers were also fully $250,000. Under the banking act an officer of a bank cannot borrow more than 10 per cent of its capital stock, yet in this case, as in many preceding it, a combination of the bank officers was effected by which they drew out not only 10 per cent of the capital but the entire capital.

### FAIR CRIMINAL ON TRIAL.

**Annie Murphy Arraigned at St. Cloud, Minn., on Several Charges.**

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 26.—Annie Murphy, the brilliant and beautiful young woman known for her clever robberies in half of the States of the union, who a few months ago electrified the people of St. Cloud by securing money there on two forged drafts for $5,000 and then ran away to Huntsville, Ala., was arraigned before Judge Searle at St. Cloud. She waived the reading of the indictments as found by the grand jury and was given until to-day to plead. Four indictments are hanging over Annie's head, two for forgery and two for grand larceny, all in the first degree.

She told the court that her name was Annie M. Doolittle, having been married to Arthur Doolittle of Detroit, Mich., while at Huntsville, Ala. An eager crowd had gathered to get a glimpse of the fair prisoner. She appeared paler and more delicate than when brought back from Alabama, evidently the result of long confinement in jail. A desperate effort will be made on the part of her counsel, which is the ablest in Minnesota, to clear her of the charges.

### IRON BUSINESS IS STEADY.

**Mill Products Will Not Be Active Until Money Becomes Available.**

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 26.—The Iron Trade Review this week says:

Conservatism leaning to caution but not partaking of timidity characterizes the iron market. Business goes steadily on, in spite of untoward developments in the East, that have compelled banks all over the country to shorten their lines of discounts sharply and to stop making new loans; but there is a deal of waiting by projectors of new enterprises. Consequently expectations have not been met in the finished material trade, and mill products will not move out into consumption in volume equal to that of a year ago, for example, until money again becomes available in usual quantity and on usual securities.

In the raw-iron market the feature is the change of feeling among Eastern producers. An advance of about 35 cents in freights on Southern pig to all points on the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio and Reading Railroads takes effect June 1, and, while no decided quotations have been made as yet, Pennsylvania holders are disposed to ask from 25 to 50 cents more for standard irons.

### HAD A DOUBLE DECAPITATION.

**Rosalie Buntrock and Fritz Erbe Beheaded for Their Dual Murder.**

BERLIN, May 25.—The people of Magdenburg saw Rosalie Buntrock and her lover, Fritz Erbe, beheaded for the killing of the two girls Klage and Kasten, of which they were convicted in that city last June. According to the woman's confession the Kasten girl was lured into a forest and strangled by Erbe, who then severed the head from her body. Later on the Klage girl was led to the forest by Buntrock, who gagged her while Erbe cut her throat. The bodies of both victims were stripped of their clothing and then buried.

**Eloped With a Sprinter.**

GALESBURG, Ill., May 26.—Mrs. Cal Edwards, wife of a member of the Galesburg fire department, eloped last night with Zip Wilton, a professional foot-racer. The couple went to Chicago. Wilton is under $600 bonds in Lewiston for a case of abduction last summer. Edwards threatens to shoot Wilton if he can meet him.

**Couldn't Find the Bodies.**

MADISON, Wis., May 26.—William Peak, the Milwaukee diver, has returned home, having given up the search for the bodies of Smith and Strong, the two State University students drowned in Lake Mendota.

## PAID UP IN ADVANCE.

### FAILURE OF A WORLD'S FAIR HOTEL SCHEME.

**People Who Had Paid in Advance for Their Rooms Must Now Hustle for Other Quarters or Stay at Home—Indianapolis People Lose $75,000.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 26.—Two or three hundred persons here, who for the last year have been paying money to the Aldine Hotel Company of Chicago, received notice that the company has gone into bankruptcy. The company was one of the numerous hotel concerns organized for profit during the World's Fair. Agents were sent all over the west and south, and the best citizens in a town were solicited to engage quarters with the concern. The money was all to be paid in advance in installments. Many Indianapolis people paid as much as $200 each, and but few of the subscribers paid less than $60.

The agent who visited this city was Tom Caldwalder, an old Indianapolis traveling man, and he did a big business here. Among the persons who had engaged quarters at the hotel were Gov. Matthews, Auditor of State Henderson and many bankers and wholesale and retail merchants who had confidence in the agent. The patrons of the hotel made their last payment only last week. It is estimated that the concern got at least $75,000 out of this city.

There is also a long list of subscribers at Terre Haute and Evansville, and persons in nearly every city and town in the State had patronized this concern. It is understood here that the President of the Chemical Bank, which recently failed, is the President of the company. The circulars received here state that the increase in the cost of building material and the higher prices demanded for labor are the prime causes of the failure of the project.

The subscribers here will demand an investigation. They suspect that their money was in the broken Chemical Bank. It was the understanding among the subscribers that their money was to be used in part in the erection of the hotel. The subscribers have nothing to show for their money except receipts from the company.

### KNIGHT TEMPLARS' ELECTION.

**Over 5,000 People Attended the Installation at Wilkesbarre.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 26.—The grand commandery Knights Templars of Pennsylvania has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Right Eminent Grand Commander, Charles C. Baer, Pittsburg; Right Eminent Deputy Grand Commander, Irving P. Wanger, Norristown; Eminent Grand Generalissimo, Edward B. Spencer, Philadelphia; Eminent Grand Captain-General, the Rev. Albert Ryan, Warren; Eminent Grand Prelate, Samuel S. Yohe, Easton; Eminent Grand Senior Warden, Henry M. Van Zandt, Lewistown; Eminent Grand Junior Warden, Henry H. Kuhn, Johnstown; Eminent Grand Treasurer, Mark Richards Muckle Philadelphia; Eminent Grand Recorder, Montrose Smith, Philadelphia.

The appointments made were: Grand Standard-bearer, William H. Burkhardt, Philadelphia; Grand Sword-bearer, Thomas L. Penman, Scranton; Grand Warden James B. Youngston, Pittsburg; Grand Captain of the Guard, George A. Carstens, Washington; Grand Marshal, Lewis L. Brown, Pittsburg; Herald, Theodore S. Williamson, Chester. Pittsburg was chosen as the place for holding the next annual conclave. Over 5,000 people attended the installation of the grand officers.

### J. W. HILLMON IS IN PRISON.

**The Noted Insurance Swindler and Murderer Found.**

NEW YORK, May 26.—There is printed in the Times a story from Topeka, Kan., telling of the wanderings and present location of John W. Hillmon, the notorious Kansas insurance swindler, upon whose life a claim of $25,000 against the Mutual Life Insurance company of this city has been in the courts for years.

Mr. William G. Davis, solicitor-general of the Mutual Life Insurance company, was seen yesterday by a Times reporter and said:

"Hillmon's hiding-place in the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico is his prison and will be until the case is settled or the Kansas authorities act. All the facts which fasten upon Hillmon the crime of murder have been gathered and given to the Kansas authorities."

"Do you intend to cause Hillmon's arrest very soon?" asked the reporter.

"That I cannot say," replied Mr. Davies. "If Mrs. Hillmon attempts to push the case to trial again we shall certainly cause his arrest."

### SARAVA IS TO BATTLE.

**Masses Forces for Another Attack on Castelhestas.**

VALPARAISO, May 26.—A correspondent at Artigas, Rio Grande do Sul, telegraphs that Gen. Sarava, with 1,500 revolutionary cavalry, is preparing to attack the Castelhestas near Bage. His force will be divided and the attack will be made mainly with the intention of harassing the enemy. It is believed Sarava will avoid a general battle.

**Postmasters in Illinois.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Fourth-class postmasters were appointed in Illinois as follows: John B. Hester of Ashley, Washington County, to succeed Joel P. Watson; J. G. Addleman of Berkley, Sangamon County, to succeed J. R. Hoyt; George Burkhardt of Trumbull, White County, to succeed R. Der Smith.

**New Officers of the Iron Hall.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 26.—The supreme sitting of the order of the Iron Hall has employed attorneys and announced that it will at once begin an effort to have the receiver for the order removed. The order was reorganized by the election of the following officers: Supreme Justice, H. A. Dickerman, Taunton, Mass.; Supreme Vice-Justice, E. O. Buchanan, Gallatin, Tenn.; Supreme Accountant, N. L. Harrison, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Supreme Cashier, Albert Coff, Indianapolis; Supreme Adjuster, F. H. Wing, St. Louis; Supreme Instructor, G. F. Boyd, Cambridgeport, Mass.

### COMPETITION WITH CANADA

**Gov. Flower Talks on the Erie Canal—Soon to Visit Chicago.**

ALBANY, N. Y., May 27.—Gov. Flower, accompanied by Superintendent of Public Works Hannan and State Engineer Schenck, completed inspection of the Erie Canal. Referring to the condition of the canal, the Governor said:

"The Republican cry that the canals were neglected this year, is not founded on fact. Canada is spending $30,000,000 in improving the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence so as to get a sufficient depth of water to allow the establishment of a line of steamboats between Chicago and Duluth and Montreal. If we are to hold our supremacy in this direction the national government should deepen the Buffalo harbor to twenty feet, which would enable vessels to come down the lakes to Buffalo carrying 1,000 more tons of grain than is contemplated for the Canadian steamers. Then with electric-motive power on the canal we will be enabled to carry grain cheaper than 5 cents and Canada can never compete with us. Under the present conditions the Welland Canal is the only source from which we need fear serious competition for the grain trade of the West. Experiments will soon be made upon the Rochester and Schenectady levels of the Erie to test a number of devices for propelling canal boats by electricity."

### COMMISSIONERS TAKE A REST.

**Satisfied to Let the Sunday Question Be Disposed of in the Courts.**

CHICAGO, May 26.—The officials of the Fair are proceeding with their preparations for opening the Fair on Sunday next and are encouraged by the reports from other cities convenient to Chicago of great interest in the first opening. There is an increased demand for tickets, and if the Fair is opened there will be a very large crowd on Sunday. If it is not opened there will be a great many disappointed persons both at the Fair and elsewhere.

A commissioner who opposed the opening of the fair on Sunday said that he would oppose any attempt on the part of his colleagues to revive the matter until some action had been taken by the courts. The idea that the matter would be taken to the United States District Court seemed to meet with general favor. The advocates of both sides of the case are confident of success.

### MAINE DOES HER BEST.

**Opening of the State Building at the Fair.**

CHICAGO, May 26.—This was Maine's day at Jackson Park, and a joyous day it has been. The feature of the occasion was the dedication of the State Building. Governor Cleaves was on hand with his staff, and many other citizens from the good old Pine Tree State came together to meet and greet each other and speak words of praise in honor of the great Exposition. The building was handsomely decorated and the arrangements were all that could be desired. The program passed off smoothly and pleasantly, and everyone present was delighted with the event. Among the distinguished citizens of Maine present, beside the Governor and his staff, were: Henry Ingalls, William G. Davis, the Hon. L. A. Emery, Capt. C. H. Ford, Augustus R. Bixby, Clark S. Edwards, the Hon. L. Powers and Gen. George L. Beal.

### WHISKY TRUST'S STATEMENT.

**It Claims to Be in Actual Possession of All the Distilleries.**

PEORIA, Ill., May 27.—The secessionists from the Whisky trust deny that the trust is even in technical possession of the distilleries they control and point out the fact that they hold the keys. As the result of the two days' session of the directors of the company, which closed last night, a statement was given to the press. It avers that the company owns its distilleries and no person has the power to 'withdraw' any of them; that the company is in actual possession of all its property; that the company is not in default for rental on any lease, and the total amount of rents awaiting final adjustment before payment does not exceed $30,000. The company has been unable to effect the loan desired. The principal officers are in Chicago attending the quo warranto proceedings against the company.

### PREMIER'S EYES ARE WEAK.

**The Chester Missile May Yet Prove Serious to Gladstone.**

LONDON, May 26.—Mr. Gladstone has consulted with the oculist at Chester, who attended him last June when one of his eyes was injured by a missile thrown at him by some one in the crowd while he was attending a political meeting at that place. It is reported that the mark of the injury has entirely disappeared and that no defect in the eyesight has resulted from the blow. The oculist, however, cautioned Mr. Gladstone that special precautions were still necessary.

**Miami Valley Quits Business.**

CINCINNATI, Ohio, May 27.—The Miami Valley, one of the old charter fire insurance companies of Ohio, reinsured with the fire insurance company of Philadelphia. It was organized in 1837, with a capital of $100,000. It is one of the companies that for many years have refused to make statements to the State superintendent of insurance, claiming that that they are not amendable to the new constitution. It, however, falls under the recent decision of the Supreme Court compelling these companies to file statements and rather than comply the Miami Valley concluded to go out of business.

**Gen Kirkham is Dead.**

OAKLAND, Cal., May 26.—Gen. R. W. Kirkham, a well-known capitalist, died, aged 72 years. He was born in Springfield, Mass., and graduated from West Point in 1843. He served with honor in the Mexican war, and was brigadier-general in the civil war, being associated with Gen. McDowell and Sumner. He leaves an estate valued at $2,000,000.

**Appointment of Bernard Goode.**

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Mr. Bernard Goode of Detroit, Mich., was to-day appointed superintendent of the dead-letter office, vice D. P. Liedhart, resigned.

## TO OPEN THE GATES.

### THE ORDER IS ISSUED FOR NEXT SUNDAY.

**Officially Announced that the World's Fair Will Be Open to the Public Until 11 O'Clock at Night—Attorney-General May Get an Injunction.**

CHICAGO, May 27.—Director of Works Burnham has sent out the official announcement that the World's Fair will be open next Sunday. The announcement was brief and to the point. It was buried midway in a number of other orders and read:

"The park will also be open to the public Sunday next, May 28, until 11 p. m., buildings closing at 10 p. m."

Mr. Burnham's course was in the main the outcome of the recent meeting of the National Commission, when that body refused to set aside the rule made by the directory that the Exposition should be open on Sunday. Mr. Burnham had a conference with President Higinbotham. They talked over the situation and decided that it would conserve the best interests of the Exposition to officially announce at once that the Fair would be open next Sunday. Notice was sent to the heads of all departments and arrangements were at once begun to have everything in readiness for the throngs which are expected next Sunday.

President Higinbotham does not believe in crossing bridges before they are reached—neither does Mr. Burnham, but several of the Exposition officials are, in spite of Mr. Burnham's announcement not to be sure that the gates will be open. It is expected in some quarters that persons opposed to Sunday opening will now resort to the courts and seek to lock the World's Fair with an injunction.

According to one official this expectation was one of the reasons why the official announcement was issued. As one official said: "Mr. Burnham and Mr. Higginbotham have just taken the bull by the horns. I understand that the announcement was issued in order to give Sunday-closers a chance to file an application for an injunction, so that the court could have time to hear the arguments in the case before the document is issued. Again, the action was taken so the matter could be settled once for all. If the gates are open next Sunday it will be fair to presume that that will be the rule for the rest of the Exposition period. It is expected also that next Sunday the real wishes of the public will be learned. Should the park be crowded it will be patent that an open Sunday will be successful, and if the crowd stays away the claims of Sunday closers will be verified. At any event the exact opinion of the public will be learned."

By Director of Works Burnham's order next Sunday night will also be a fete night. The grounds are ordered to be open until 11 o'clock and illuminated, while the main buildings will be open until 10 o'clock.

### SPAIN MUST GIVE UP CUBA.

**Revolutionary Leaders Meet in the Quaker City.**

NEW YORK May 27.—The suppression of the rebellion in Cuba a few weeks ago has not in the least discouraged the leaders of the Cuban revolutionary party in the United States. While they were willing to help in the movement when it started by sending money to the revolutionists they disclaim all responsibility for that movement, which they condemn as having been premature.

After working in secret for some time the revolutionary leaders in this country have again come to the front. They have just held a meeting in Philadelphia and have issued a manifesto to the people of Cuba, who are tired of Spanish rule and want to throw off the Spanish yoke. Among those who were at the meeting were Jose Marti, the general delegate of the party; Francisco Navarzo, Frederick Gonzales and Leopold Dominquez.

### MET A HORRIBLE DEATH.

**A Young Lawyer Thrown from His Horse Under the Wheels.**

CUMBERLAND, Md., May 27.—William S. Bridendolph, a prominent and wealthy young lawyer, was riding a spirited young saddle horse, when the horse shied at an electric car, throwing Mr. Bridendolph directly under the wheels of a heavily loaded van, which passed over his abdomen, killing him almost instantly.

### CHAS. FOSTER IN TROUBLE.

**The Secretary of the Treasury Under Harrison Makes an Assignment.**

FOSTORIA, Ohio, May 27.—The Hon. Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury under the late Harrison administration, and the banking-house of Foster & Co., have made assignments. The announcement was made at 10 o'clock. It created a great deal of excitement. Nothing of the condition of Mr. Foster's affairs has yet been made public.

**Will Be Prosecuted for Abduction.**

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 26.—Arthur Workman and his 15-year-old bride were brought to this city from Lebanon, where Workman's father, who is a Methodist minister, performed the marriage ceremony Monday evening. The couple ran away from here Sunday evening. The girl's father, Charles Fischer, a grocer, will prosecute Workman for abduction and will try to have the marriage annulled. The county clerk who issued the license may be prosecuted for failure to secure an affidavit that the girl was of age.

**Killed Him with a Broadax.**

ROCKVILLE, Ind., May 26.—Lew Puett killed John Thomas with a broadax at Sand Creek coal mines, three miles from here. With another man they were lodging at the same house, cutting ties for the Midland Railroad. Both live in Rockville, and both were drinking men. Thomas' head was almost severed from his body, his hand was cut and there was a third cut on the hip. He died before assistance could be given him. Puett surrendered to the Sheriff. He claims the deed was done in self defense.

### PROPER NAMES.

Among other houses destroyed by the recent landslide at Sandgate, Eng., was one in which John B. Gough was born.

J. G. Brown, the artist, who makes newsboy and bootblack studies for pictures, is the father of nineteen children.

When the empress of Austria travels about incognito she usually calls herself either "Madam Nicholson" or plain "Miss Simpson."

Miss Mary L. Hammond of Nashua, N. H., has completed the thirtieth year of her continuous service as a teacher in one building and room.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has written to a Philadelphia man a letter in a chirography so neat and legible that it might have been the work of a young bank clerk rather than an octogenarian poet.

Professor Elisha Gray was once a blacksmith's apprentice and has a rusty wrought-iron fire-shovel kept in the corner of his library to prove it. He pounded the shovel into shape on an Ohio anvil early in the fifties.

"Personally, I congratulate you on your promotion," said Mr. Lincoln to an Austrian minister who had called to notify him that he had been raised to the rank of ambassador, "but it makes no difference to us; we are glad to see you, whatever they call you."

Darius and Cyrus Cobb, twin brothers of Boston, who are 59 years old, look so much alike that their own children often mistake them. They married sisters. Darius is a sculptor and Cyrus is a painter. William Hunt, the artist, once styled them "Serious" and "Delirious."

Justice Lamar and Susan B. Anthony were warm friends. The justice was in the habit of introducing her to his friends in this fashion: "Now you must meet Miss Susan B. Anthony. You will find her one of the most perfect gentlemen in the world." Miss Anthony regarded this as a compliment.

Rosa Bonheur, of whom Henry Bacon remarked that she began by painting rabbits and ascended in the scale until she painted the horse, which Leonardo da Vinci considered the noblest model that an artist can copy, after man, has celebrated her seventy-first birthday. She still wields the brush.

What is regarded as "absolutely the last" letter penned by George Washington was sold in Philadelphia lately for $850. The purchaser was the Historical society of Pennsylvania. George W. Childs has what was long supposed to be the last letter written by the father of his country, as it was composed six days before his death, but the letter sold the other day was written only twenty-four hours before General Washington's decease. It is dated "Mount Vernon, 13th Dec'r, 1799," and gives very unromantic directions about matters connected with the management of his farm.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

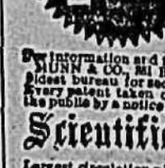
Brown—I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me. Jones—I almost wish you had met her sooner.

She—You used to say before we were married that you would give up your life for me! He—Well, didn't I? I haven't had any life since we were married.

Jack Rounder—Isn't Miss Belle a beauty? Miss Rinkel—Yes, but you know beauty is only skin deep. Jack Rounder—Well I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me.

Mr. Absentmind—It is pretty cold in here. Barber—Yes sir; it is chilly this morning. Mr. Absentmind—If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believed her to be perfect, but I saw something about her last night that made me sick." "What was it?" "Another fellow's arm.



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### REMENYI'S VIOLIN.

Like a soul escaped from purgatory,
And soaring up to heaven and glory,
It now bursts forth in joyous strain,
Then trembling, sobs and wails again
Till angels, listening, whisper low,
"Remenyi's hand has touched the bow."

'Tis heaven's own music brought to earth,
And sorrow's moan is joined with mirth,
As from a song bird's swelling throat
Trills high and sweet a warbling note,
Which, softly rising on the air,
Stops short, like some unfinished prayer.

## A STORY OF THE CITY.

A sudden fall in wheat. A panic on the board of trade. A man, rich but an hour ago, wandering the streets in an agony of despair. Everything gone. Money, credit, honor. Oh, for a sudden death blow! Rain came and he never knew it. The damp wind chilled him to the bone and he never felt it. Night fell and he did not miss the daylight. Aimlessly he wandered on, thinking vaguely of his lost possessions, of his ruined partner, of the girl he could not marry now. Then he heard a church clock strike, and like a sudden vision came a thought of the mother who had taught him to pray. He had not thought of her teachings for years, but now, in his hour of need, they came back, with gentle force. He would enter the church and pray. Perhaps the spirit of that loving mother who had died in full confidence that some time the Good Shepherd would reclaim her dear black sheep whispered the thought to him. Who knows?

He was a Presbyterian if anything, and the church into which he crept was adorned with the crucifix everywhere, but that did not matter now. A starving man hardly cares whether the bread given him be white or brown. For a while he prayed as drowning men are supposed to pray, then tired nature yielded to the solemn, peaceful silence, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke the body of the church was still dark, but several black-robed priests were decking the brilliantly lighted altar, ready for the next morning's early mass. Then, ere he could rise, a glorious voice swelled softly forth: "Oh, rest in the Lord," it said; "Oh, rest in the Lord" over and over again with all possible shades of expression. "Rest," and he was so tired, so tired. "Wait patiently for Him," sang the angel, for so the weary, heartsick man had mentally styled the singer, although it was, in reality, only the new alto practicing to-morrow's solo before the other choir members came. The word "patiently" troubled her and she sang it over and again and again, while the soul-stirred man down in the dusky corner drank in every word. Yes, he would be patient. "Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him," the sweet voice intoned, and much of the trust in the singer's heart was somehow transmitted to that other heart so fast losing its despair. And while he listened, knowing now that the singer was human, the opening strain began again and passed with a glorious crescendo to the closing words, "And He shall give thee thy heart's desire." His heart's desire! His darling Agnes! He did not think of the money now; he had no bitter feeling towards the man who in enriching himself had ruined so many: he only thought of his promised wife and his lond-dead mother. That heavenly strain had washed all evil thoughts from his soul and brought on its incoming tide all the good qualities, so long hidden, to the surface. The wandering sheep had returned.

And all the while the tender voice sang on. Sang until the choir, with much talk and laughter, entered by the side door and the man passed out. Sang while he, buying a paper, discovered that the market had changed again and that, though he was no longer rich, he had still enough left to begin life again. Sang till the leader called the choir to order, and the owner woke from the ecstacy which possessed her to find that her evident enjoyment of her own music was furnishing great amusement for the other singers.

She did not know why she was so blissfully happy. She never knew about the new-born beauty her friends noticed from that time on; she never knew who sent the flowers she found lying in her place on the music-rack next morning; she never knew that one man blessed her memory many times a day long after that hour in the quiet church had faded to a dream-like recollection. She never knew she had saved a soul.

* * * * *

She had just come back from the "sunny South" and pinned at her collar was a great yellow dandelion, that cheeriest, most joyous of flowers, which would be so popular if only each separate blossom had a money value of half a dollar. And as she stood waiting for a car most of the passers-bye glanced, if no more, at the little flower-sun, and the visions they saw in it were piled high around the unconscious girl. Ghosts of long-dead people looked over her shoulder, old lovers met above her head, loving but half-forgotten playmates kissed again in front of her and the wreaths of countless defunct dinners crowded and jostled each other right under her nose and eyes.

An old man passing gazed at the flower, and straightway there rose before him a grassy field thickly dotted with its sisters, and in the midst of it he saw himself trying to fill his arms with more of them than he could carry. The old man sighed, for in that moment he saw how all through the long years since then he had been loading himself with gold of another kind, hardly more lasting, only to have it drop from his embrace as he reached for more.

And joined to this field was another, in which a middle-aged lady saw herself walking with a man she should have married—and did not. The same sun which brightened these pastures shone on the lovely face of a maiden bent over a bunch of "dandies," and the young man who saw the drooping head wore crape on his hat. The man whose arm was drawn through his had a vision, too—that of a baby, (grown to a woman long ago), playing with the golden blossoms, but neither mentioned what they saw. Then a woman, dressed all too smartly, tripped along, and the frozen smile on her painted face changed to a natural sadness as her eyes fell on the dandelion, for it looked at her with her mother's tender gaze. Close behind her came a sad-faced, worn-looking girl, and a momentary youth entered her heart, as she saw the face a similar flower had once beamed under. Next a jolly little darkey skipped by, and the fib on his tongue-tip died a natural death, for the last "goldie" he had seen had been clasped in the hand of a little sister—dead. Then a careless son of the Emerald Isle dawdled across the street, his "come-day-go-day, God send Sunday" pace and carriage more in keeping with the sylvan scene which rose before him than the busy, crowded city. The cheery whistle of "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'," died on his lips as he looked, and, for a wonder, he passed the next saloon without going in. The careworn woman who met him at the door of his house had been a merry maiden the day that flower recalled. Following him closely came two Italian women, and the eyes of both grew moist, and the baskets poised so firmly on top of the black braids trembled sadly. For a moment the dirty street gave place to a glimpse of sunlit ocean and a breath of country air. And the eyes of the Indian woman, who stood on the corner selling "sassfras" bark, filled for a moment with an expression of such bitter longing that a little child, passing near, grew afraid and shrunk away.

One after another the crowd hurried by, and to almost every one the dandelion had a message to give. Merry children, weary invalids, sad passionate souls, light-hearted girls, despairing men, thoughtless youths, overworked horses, homeless dogs, stray cats and city-bound pigeons, to all it brought a bit of brightness. But the best thing it did was the reconciliation it caused between two people who were "enjoying" their first quarrel. The beginning of it had been so small that neither one could tell what it was, but it had progressed finely, and now both had a bad case of heartache. And as they passed the waiting girl both thought of the bright June day, not a year ago, when he had asked the momentous question. Presently one of his hands touched hers, it might have been by accident (but it wasn't), and somehow it stayed there. So that quarrel came to a premature end, and the little flower had one good reason for its existence, should its usefulness ever be questioned.

But by this time the wearer of the sweet little blossom began to notice the attention everyone gave her, and woman-like she resented it. Perhaps if she had realized how many hearts the homely flower had softened and cheered she would not have thrown it in the middle of the street with the mental asseveration that she would "never, never wear a dandelion in town again," but then how could she know?—Inter Ocean.

### HIS WEAPONS.

**The Duel Between Virchow and Bismarck Which Was Never Fought.**

The recent absurd revival of dueling in several countries of the continent of Europe has recalled a story which was the delight of Berlin some years ago, and which capitally satirized this barbarous custom. Dr. Virchow, the eminent man of science, had been sharply criticising Prince Bismarck, who was then chancellor. At the end of a particularly severe attack, Bismarck felt himself personally affronted, and sent seconds to Virchow with a challenge to fight a duel. The man of science was found in his laboratory hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinæ, which were making great ravages in Germany. "Ah," a challenge from Prince Bismarck, eh? Well, well, as I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. Here they are." He held up two large sausages, which seemed to be exactly alike. "One of these sausages," he said, "is filled with trichinæ—it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they can't be told apart. Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes, and eat it, and I will eat the other." Though the proposition was as reasonable as any dueling proposition could be, Prince Bismarck's representatives refused it, says the Argonaut. No duel was fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice.

**History of Tobacco.**

Tobacco was noted by Columbus on his very first voyage. It was first cultivated by John Rolfe in 1612, and as early as 1619 a lot of 20,000 pounds was shipped to England. In 1732 a tobacco factory was started on the Rappahannock river, and about 1769 the first south of the James river was built in Mecklenburg county. In 1745 the exports from Virginia amounted to 42,811 hogsheads of about 1,000 pounds each, and increased till 1753, after which there was a decline until after the revolution. It is now grown in most of the southern states with Kentucky in the lead.

There are stone bridges in China dating from 1,000 B. C.

## FAKIRS OF THE EAST.

### THEY ARE NOT AHEAD OF THE AMERICAN ARTICLE.

**Many of Their Performances are Clumsy in the Extreme—Herrman or Kellar Could Give Them Many Pointers.**

[Calcutta Correspondence.]



INDIA! LAND OF hoary age and marvellous wonders; the birthplace of the human race. Here the Garden of Eden spread along the banks of the Euphrates and formed the cradle of man; land of the white elephant, source of ancient mythologies, home of sacred serpents, fakirs, snake charmers and fire worshipers. The paradise of the fakir, the earthly heaven of the mendicant.

No country on earth is so prolific in wandering vagabonds as Hindostan, where hordes of fakirs, dervishes, devotees and fanatics make constant appeals to charity in the name of religion, for everything is a religion in India. The juggler and snake charmer in some measure compensate the public for their periodical annoyance and frequent demands for alms by giving



A DERVISH FROM THE HILLS.

in return for these favors what passes current in the Orient for amusement. This amusement has been more extensively described and misrepresented than anything else connected with the land of the hydra-headed snake god, and if it was in fact one-half as wonderful as it is in story—that is too often accepted as history—there would be more Hindoo jugglers and snake charmers in America now than in India, as the enterprising American showman's arm reaches far. It brings us the most clever performers in the world from the land of the Mikado, types of natives from Africa, Australia and the South Sea Islands, but no jugglers from India, for the reason that when the performance of these fakirs was contrasted with the work of even the most ordinary European and American jugglers and magicians it would fall so far below the standard necessary to entertain that the importer would become a bankrupt in a short time.

Nothing is more amusing for one who has seen the best of the juggler of India give their most celebrated exhibitions in their native land, surrounded with everything calculated to give effect to their performances and heighten the delusion attempted, than to read almost any of the frequently published accounts of the weird and unearthly performances of the Hindoo juggler.

There is hardly a work of travel in India that does not contain some marvellous account of the great performances of the native juggler, and nearly all writers state that these performers work without paraphernalia, clothing, stage or confederates. Like the country lad who visits the city for the first time bent on not seeing the whole great town, but some one thing that had been described so often that it became the most interesting thing among the many sights, and that not to have seen it would have been not to have seen the city, I determined to see and investigate the greatest and best of the jugglers in India, and now recall the satisfaction experienced as we stood on the quarter deck of a great East Indian liner as she slowly steamed against the swift yellow current of the Hooglo River, up past the long stretch of plantations, Hindoo villages and ruined temples until we came in sight of the City of Palaces, Calcutta, the Mecca of the Oriental traveller, the



UP COUNTRY NAUTCH GIRL.

metropolis and seat of government of British India, for I knew that after having attended to the business that caused my visit to the Far East there would be an opportunity to study the type of juggler that had been astonishing the travelled writer since the days of the great Sha Gehari and Warren Hastings.

Business necessitated the engaging of a good interpreter and comfort the employment of a good body servant. These were selected for me by "Jack" Andrews, a well known racing authority and horse breeder of Calcutta, who knows the requirements of a traveler in Upper India as he who has traveled there can only know them.

The presenting of credentials, calling on agents and securing of supplies for the trip to the Vale of Cashmere so fully occupied the first few days ashore that the juggler was almost lost sight of, when one afternoon after lunch (called tiffin here) the weird, plaintive strains of a snake wallah's pipe were wafted through my windows from the court below: a glance down and one revealed a snake charmer at work; he was seated on the stone pavement of the hotel court with his baskets a short distance away. The pipe on which he performed was made of two hollow canes united at the top and joined to a third cane that formed a mouthpiece, the object of the two barrels or flutes being probably the production of a series of chords agreeable to the human ear, but it was impossible to detect anything resembling a defined air or tune.

The "musician" continued to blow on his pipe and one of his assistants removed the lid of the largest basket, when out glided a very fine specimen of the cobra di capello, which reared its hooded head and swayed back and forth apparently pleased with the sound of the pipe. Two other baskets were opened and two more serpents joined the first. The piper would reach out and move them with his disengaged hand; he would bring them nearer until they would crawl into his lap, twine around his arms and sway their ugly heads so near the pipe as to touch it occasionally. Finally the piper stopped playing and took the snakes up in the most unconcerned manner possible, thrust them back into their baskets and produced a mongoose, a small ferret-like animal fastened by a long leather thong. After allowing the animal to run about for a few moments he offered to allow one of his cobras to fight the mongoose for ten rupees, about $5. Anxious to see the experiment I produced the coin and a battle began, which soon ended in the death of the serpent, while the mongoose appeared as lively and uninjured as he was before the combat.

Captain Paul Julian, one of our party, purchased the dead snake from the charmer for three rupees and the performers departed in search of another audience. The Captain dissected the head of the cobra and found that the poison bearing fangs had been extricated, the poison sac cut out and the place from which it was taken seared with a hot wire to prevent its reforming.

Now we come to the magician or juggler who, instead of going about nearly naked, wears robes with flowing sleeves that would enable Herrmann or Kellar to produce or vanish a sheep. They do not use any elaborate mechanical devices, it is true, but they have what answers the same purpose.

We found a troupe of these performers working in a small village back of Calcutta and watched them do the very ordinary cup and ball trick, using the hard ground for a table, but when I raised a cup under which the ball had disappeared and drew out the extra one concealed in it the performers and spectators alike, were very indignant, and I am satisfied that our guns (we had been snipe shooting) kept the crowd from mobbing us. We threw some silver to them, but could not induce them to continue.

My man, Ram John, a Mussulman, soon discovered the interest we took in jugglers and gave us much valuable



FAKIR WITH COBRA.

information, as the jugglers were Hindoos, for whom he confessed extreme contempt.

We went out to see a magician work on the upper part of the Maidan, a large plazza in Calcutta, and he did the growth of the mango for us in a tolerably clever manner. First we saw an earthen chatty or pot, which the magician filled with soil before us; then he took three bamboo sticks, made a tripod and covered the pot with a piece of dirty cotton cloth after first planting a mango and carefully watering the earth. The bamboo and cloth made a cone about three feet in height. Into this cone the performer would frequently thrust his hands, all the time muttering an incantation. In a few moments he removed the cone, showing a mango sprout; then he repeated the incantation and showed us a small tree. I instructed Ram John to ask him to throw a ball in the air and climb the string. The poor fakir's face was a study; he had never heard of such a thing before, and the laughter of the natives who heard the request showed that they thought us mad men.

All the way up the great Indian Peninsular Railway we saw magicians at work; nautch dancers, jugglers and snake charmers were sent for or we went to where they were performing, but try as we might we could not get the man to climb the string or have his head cut off. Just outside the fort at Bombay we saw the basket trick well done. An old magician exhibited a basket into which a boy was thrust. The cover of the basket was fastened down, when the lad began to call out. This apparently so enraged the performer that he drew a tulwar, or native sword, and plunged it several times through the basket. This was accompanied by fearful cries from the boy inside and the sword was dripping with blood; the cries became fainter, until they ceased altogether. When the right moment arrived the boy came calling as he ran from the other side of the square, bounded into the circle around the magician and extended his hand for the small coin offered. In the excitement of his return the basket was forgotten by all but the writer, who saw a shawl thrown over it and it was hurriedly carried away by two natives. The Captain pronounced the blood on the sword beef blood. There were two boys. The holes in the basket only admitted the sword where the boy could avoid it, and he covered the blade with blood carried in a bladder.

## IN THE DEAD CITIES.

### SAUNTERING AMONG NEW ORLEANS HISTORIC TOMBS.

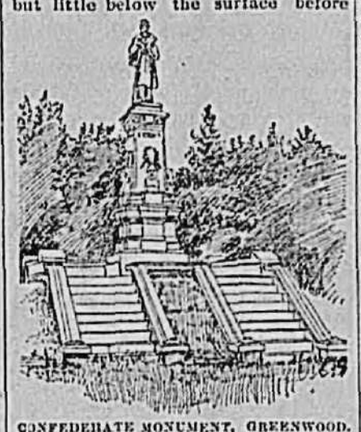
**Ancient Old Headstones Dating Back Three Centuries Ago—Many Imposing Structures to Be Found—In the Famous Metairie.**

[New Orleans Correspondence.]



AS SUNDAY IS the appointed day for outings in this Paris of America, we lately selected that holy day for a trip which even the orthodox might deem quite suitable. Our visit was to some of the cemeteries, in themselves among the greatest curiosities in this quaint old city. The first selected were the oldest and most curious, the three French cemeteries, lying below Canal Street, running from Rue St. Louis down three blocks to the south.

Four brick walls enclose each cemetery, a block square, and when we enter, we find these walls built inward eight or ten feet, with rows of vaults, called ovens, opening from their fronts. It seems that in this marshy country, where the spade goes but little below the surface before



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, GREENWOOD.

water follows its every stroke, burial above ground is the custom; and so within the tombs, built according to the owner's means, of marble or stone, or brick, lie the bodies of the loved and lost.

These tombs are very imposing structures, some of them; they rear brave fronts of Italian marble, exquisitely lettered, with beautiful figures and emblems chastely carved, and eulogiums upon the deceased occupants, as is the custom everywhere, but in these grim cities of the dead we see no grassy mounds whereon the daisies bloom their lives away. Prim graveled walks and narrow paths, edged with pretty pink conch shells or even the more homely mollusks, run in all directions, and there are low iron railings between the too curious spectator and the decorations of the tombs.

We read the inscriptions. Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, dating back three centuries. Old Spanish and French aristocracy have buried their dead here, and the prefixes of nobility are seen on many tombs whose stained marbles and sinking supports give evidence of the touch of time's relentless hand. Here stands the square tomb of the Portuguese Benevolent Association with the grand figure of silence keeping watch over the quiet dead.

The decorations are very old; wreaths of shining black and white beads predominate. The familiar device of anchor and cross is also seen in beads and occasionally there is a bunch of stiff paper roses in white or red. Tiny receptacles for fresh flowers are clamped to the walls; shells are a favorite decoration, and there is a little bed of glistening white sand with pretty pink and pearl conches stuck primly around it, or laid in geometrical lines, in front of some of the older tombs.

Our cicerone promises us a lively drive to the next stopping point, so we pass out through the big iron gates, climb into the drag and are soon speeding over the straight white length of Boulevard Canal out to the "Half-way House," so called as marking just half the distance to the lake. Here we drive through the old Oddfellows' Rest where the most striking monument crowns the tomb of a gallant fireman who lost his life while rescuing a baby from a burning house. The figure is very life-like in pose and expression; one arm clasps the child, while the trumpet is held securely in the hand; the other is raised to ward the flame and heat from the face.

Across the wide road lies beautiful Greenwood, the first of the more modern cemeteries, and where stands the superb Confederate monument, with its gray-clad soldiers standing guard until ages roll away the marble, and the Resurrection dawns. In an adjoining field lie the unknown Federal soldiers who died in New Orleans during the civil war. A simple painted head and foot-stone marks each spot, the slight rise of the ground here, permitting the digging of a grave without striking water.

We drive through the broad, graveled ways, admiring the magnificent live oak trees, gracefully festooned with the beautiful, silvery Southern moss, and then across the slight wooden draw-bridge which spans a sluggish canal to the very newest of all the Crescent City's cemeteries, the Metairie.

A true story is told of this beautiful spot, which, lying at the summit of a slight range of high land, known as Metairie Ridge, was once the property of the Metairie Jockey Club, an organization composed of the most exclusive aristocracy of the "old South."

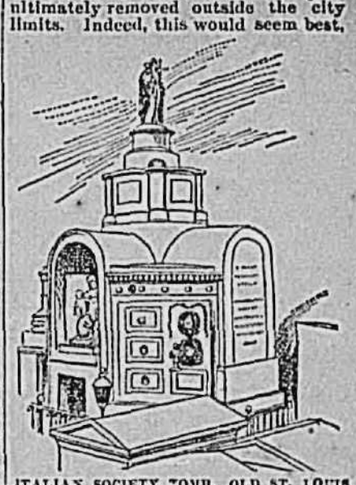
The race-course was considered, my informant relates, the very finest known; magnificently kept, and with enormous purses offered, lovers of the turf nowhere found such a springy track for their blooded racers, and the honor of membership was eagerly sought. After the four years of the war, which left but a remnant of the haughty, high-toned club, a partly successful attempt was made to restore the dimmed glories of the course. Just about that time, the original founder of the Louisiana State Lottery, having come to New Orleans with a fair fortune in prospect, applied for membership; he was blackballed; once, twice, thrice! Then he swore a mighty oath; he would "buy their old race-course, and turn it into a cemetery!" The club, crippled in membership and resources, mortgaged their valuable property; the disappointed candidate bought up their indebtedness and foreclosed his claim; the inevitable happened and the Metarie race-course became his individually. He forthwith proceeded to tear down the stables and stalls, lay off walks and drives, sell lots, and otherwise carry out his threats.

His own family tomb, prominently situated near the front entrance, was the first erected, and within the last decade the body of the snubbed and revengeful candidate has been consigned to its last resting place therein.

Some of the tombs are very grand within this beautiful spot, yet not many of the older, more aristocratic names are seen; there is the more familiar aspect of sods growing greenly over rounded mounds, and flowers bloom profusely, their soft petals shaken down in fragrant showers by the capricious breezes which blow gently from the gulf all through the sunny days.

Back to the city we drive, and up to the Girod Street Cemetery, named for the street upon which it is situated. This is one of the oldest in the American part of the city, lying above Canal Street.

The monuments within its walls are not so imposing, but there are many names renowned for deeds of daring upon the stained marbles of its tombs. On again we go up into the Fourth District to the Washington Cemetery, where but few recent interments have taken place, and we are told it is probable that no more will be permitted, and the sacred bones therein may be ultimately removed outside the city limits. Indeed, this would seem best,

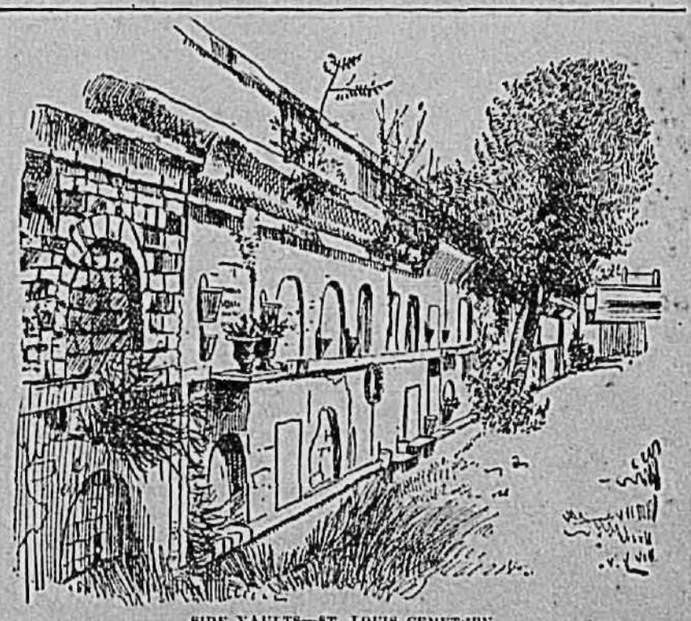


ITALIAN SOCIETY TOMB, OLD ST. LOUIS

as the cemetery lies almost within the heart of the most beautiful residence portion of the city.

We have seen enough for the day, yet plan another time to visit the old Chalmette Cemetery, far down on the river bank, where the G. A. R. have erected a grand monument. This cemetery occupies the memorable battle ground where the indomitable Jackson built his breastworks of cotton bales and whipped the British in the wars of 1812 and 1815.

EMMA J. MCLOGAN.



SIDE VAULTS—ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.

A LITTLE girl, becoming wearied with the quarreling of two children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use in fighting for over over that milk! There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

THE entire empire of Persia has but one vessel.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1887
TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE, MARCH 30, 1891
OUT ON TIME APRIL 3, 1891.

THE TREVORITE
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE
WADSWORTH BLACKBIRD
} J. J. BURKE, Pub.

— PUBLISHED WEEKLY —

From the Press of The Antioch News.


☞ Where the P. O. address of a subscriber has been changed and no notice of the same received at this office we will in no manner be responsible for the safe delivery of their paper until they have enabled us to make the proper corrections on our books by furnishing their change of address.

☞ Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address IN FULL.

**Notice to Our Advertisers.**

All copy for changes in standing advertisements must reach this office not later than Tuesday evening, otherwise we cannot make the changes required. This applies to all advertisements except ads. in local column, and is in accordance with all our advertising contracts. Our patrons should govern themselves accordingly.

**NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.**

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost. J. J. BURKE, Publisher.
Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

EX-SPEAKER CRISP, who has been in Washington a week has gone home feeling pretty good, as it now looks as though he would be elected Speaker of the next House by the unanimous vote of his party. All talk of President Cleveland encouraging a candidate to run against him has died out.

**FELL THIRTY FEET.**

Frank Corcorane, an employe of the Merchant's Ice Co. at Cross Lake fell from the top of the building Saturday last and sustained frightful injuries in the head and face. In falling his head struck on a heavy timber, fracturing the bone in the jaw in a terrible manner. The young man was at the time attempting to open a door near the roof of the large ice house and in some manner lost his footing and fell to the ground, a distance of 30 feet. Dr. Karr was summoned but on examining the wound concluded it best for him not to undertake the case and after doing what he could to alleviate the young man's suffering had him placed on the train for Chicago, where two doctors were summoned and dressed the wound. The injured man was quiet and industrious and it is to be hoped that he will speedily recover from his injuries.

**Oh, Cherish Him.**

There are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public
are as smiling as the morn;
There are husbands who are healthy,
There are husbands who are wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, well,
he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
who are really so devoted
That whene'er their wives are absent
They are lonesome and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
who's a fairly good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband, oh,
He's never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated
To the man who may be rated
As pretty fair, should cherish him
forever and a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quite, in every feature,
He has never been discovered,
and he won't be, so they say.

W. E. BENT.

**He Needed Warm Meals.**

"You have a severe case of indigestion," said the physician to his new patient. "You should be very careful to eat only warm food, as it promotes the flow of gastric juice. Avoid ice cream and that sort of things. I am afraid you aren't sufficiently careful about taking hot meals. In the hurry of business people frequently devour cold lunches in the middle of the day. That's where they make a mistake. Try and avoid that indiscretion," he went on, "even if you have to neglect your office duties a little. May I inquire, sir, what your employment is?" "I'm a fire eater round at de Universal museum," was the reply.—N. Y. Herald.

**Rev. Plunk Plunk on Friendship.**

Dere's different kinds ob friendship in dis world, deah breddern; dere's de stick fast kind an' de half an' half kind, an' so on, but de mos' prevulent is de variety dat's measured by de length an' width ob a bank bill, or de circumference ob a coin.—N. Y. Herald.

**A Mean Remark.**

"No, Mr. Timberwheel," said Miss Elder, kindly but firmly, "I cannot marry you, but I'll be a —"

"Thanks, Miss Elder," interrupted the rejected one, spitefully; "but I have two grandmothers."—Harper's Bazar.

**Gave Himself Away.**

Mrs. Bloobumper—How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women's clothes?

Bloobumper—He passed a milliner's store without looking in.—Brooklyn Life.

**The Old, Old Subject.**

"I overheard Maude and Tom talking in the moonlight last night."

"What were they talking about?"

"The weather. She didn't know whether she'd have him or not."—Judge.

# Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager.,
817 GRAND AVENUE,
WAUKEGAN, - ILLINOIS.

Miss Fenkell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

## COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Jas. Low has gone to Wisconsin.

C. T. Heydecker went to Fulton, Ills. last week on business.

Waukegan people are attending the World's Fair quite numerously.

Miss Winnie Marvin has resigned her position as book keeper in the Gazette office.

Owing to a train wreck at N. Evanston, mail was delayed here Wednesday.

E. B. Clinton, superintendent of the E. J. & E. R. R. was here the first of the week.

There was a collision on the Belt Line R. R. Monday, south of town. No one was hurt.

Ex-Alderman Wm. Melody is one of the most prominent candidates for the postmastership.

Mrs. J. A. Avery, of Cincinnati, visited with Ida M. Fenkell and mother and other Waukegan friends last week.

The crowd which used to gather around the postoffice now gathers around Hall's store, which is in the same location.

The Sugar Refinery is closed because it costs more to make syrup than the goods sell for, hence the refinery has been closed until the market improves.

The concert given by the High School class of '93 at the Methodist Church, Thursday evening was very entertaining. Home talent was assisted by Chicago talent.

Wm Wright has taken the contract for putting in the pump and boiler at the south well. Mr. Wright will complete the work for $1,000, which is as cheap as it could be done by Chicago contractors.

C. Clifford Corbett, editor of "*The Arkansas Traveler*" was here Thursday. His object in coming was to "write up" "Waukegan of To-day." His article will be published early in June and will undoubtedly be both interesting and funny.

The mammoth whale which is on exhibition at the canal has attracted many people. The children especially have been delighted with it. It is 65 feet long, weighs 75 tons and its mouth holds twenty-five people at one time. It is en route to the World's Fair.

A young man hired a horse and buggy at Connolly's livery stable Wednesday to drive four miles out into the country. Thursday morning it was found that he did not go where he said he was going. It is thought that he has stolen the rig and a reward of fifty dollars has been offered for its return and his capture.

Miss Augusta Legnard recently married Mr. Chas. Vassar, in Chicago without the knowledge of her parents or intimate friends. The father of the bride objected to the marriage. Mr. Vassar is considered a fine young man and is general superintendent in one of the brick yards owned by Mr. Legnard. The couple are in Chicago.

A young man named Wm. Whidden broke into Henry Herman's grocery store Monday night, where he had formerly been employed. He was caught by officer Sammon. He was given a hearing Tuesday afternoon. He waived examination and was bound over to the Grand Jury with bail at $2,000. Before the hearing upon close questioning he confessed to having stolen $10 in Diver's store a short time ago. He will no doubt be sent to Joliet.

**Card of Thanks.**

We desire to extend our heartfelt thanks to the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us at the death and funeral of our loved husband and father, and also to the choir at the funeral.

Mrs. Jennett Thayer
and children.

# NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Pen Pictures of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

## CAMP LAKE, WIS.

Miss Hetta Yaw spent last week in Elgin.

Mr. Will Blaire spent last week with friends here.

They are shipping quantities of ice from the ice houses here.

The dance at Mc'Vey's hall was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A few of our young people attended the dance at Antioch Friday evening.

Mrs. Marie Webster and Miss Alma Lee, of Michigan, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. L. E. Lamb is slowly improving. She is able to sit up a short time each day.

Mr. Henry Edson returned to Stevens Point after spending a short time with relatives here.

## ROSECRANS.

Mr. Bird, of Evanston, preached Sunday evening.

Wm. Gelling has been in Antioch the past week.

The St. Paul has lately added several new passenger trains to its daily service.

A large number of M. W. A. members attended the funeral of Harry Griffin last Sunday.

(From Another Correspondent.)

Good roads again.

Everybody seems to be enjoying the fine weather.

Our cyclists are taking advantage of the good roads.

N. H. Welch will make a short visit home the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Jas. Oliver has been visiting relatives in the southern part of the state.

What's the matter with Rosecrans? She is all right, she has had a circus.

Decoration day is now past. Many of the schools observed the day with speaking and singing.

Who is it that doesn't admire this world of ours, with its beautiful flowers smiling at us from beneath the hazel shade and the richly perfumed blossoms on the old apple-tree and the tender lily which stands in the wooded nook. Ah! all of these glorify the spring about which so many grumble and fume.

On next Friday evening, June 2, will occur a grand strawberry festival in the M. E. Church of this city. Young man bring your honey. "Honey" coax your young man to bring you, and young people also invite your parents to come. There will be a good time as usual. There will be a program and other attractions. Come.

Of all the dishes set before King or Queen
Nothing excells strawberries sugar and cream.

Z. Y. K.

## LAKE VILLA.

Mr. Geo. Webb was in Waukegan Tuesday.

Plasterers are at work on the new Winholt house.

R. C. Taylor has a handsome new Victor bicycle.

S. J. Evans, of Chicago, spent Sunday in Lake Villa.

Jasper Denick, of Lowe, Kansas, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. John Williamson, of Millburn, was a Monday caller.

Miss Rose Pender has returned from her visit in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Palmer, of Waukegan, were in town Sunday.

Miss Annie Manzer, of Missouri, is visiting her uncle, Mr. L. C. Manzer.

Miss Cora Clark attended the Christian Endeavor Convention at Rockefeller Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Strang and Miss Mary Cashmore, of Millburn, were in Lake Villa Sunday.

About twenty young people surprised Miss Bertha Denick Thursday night.

Born—Sunday May 28, 1893, to Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Rowling, a daughter.

Mr. George Hawkins, of California, is visiting his brother, Mr. Charles Hawkins.

Owing to the increase of business another man has been put to work in the bus barn.

A number of our young people were present at the May party at Antioch Friday night.

Pullen & Barber, of Antioch, are moving the barn on the old Strang place farther back on the lot.

It is about time to start the fireworks question. How much will you give to help the display?

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Henry Humphrey Wednesday afternoon, June 7, 1893. Every one is invited.

The body of Mattison Strupp, who was killed by the explosion of oil at Gray's Lake, was taken to Allerton, Wisconsin, for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Winholt, of Chicago, have moved into their cottage on the south bank of Cedar Lake, where they will spend the summer.

MARRIED—At Genoa Junction, Wis., May 28, 1893, by Rev. James B. Orr, Mr. John S. Dunn and Miss Ada M. Burnett, both of Lake Villa, Ill.

Don't fail to see "Columbia's Defenses," the beautiful Children's Day program. A young lady will represent Columbia, and six young men will act as guards. June 11, 1893 is the day.

Service Sunday 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School, 12:00 M. Young People's Meeting, 7:00 P. M. Subject, "Home Missions, or the Heathen at our Door."—Luke 10, 29-37. Leader, Ethel M. Hughes.

## GRASS LAKE.

Miss Gertie Corten of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Asa Little.

Lux's meat wagon is now seen on our streets twice a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Paddock visited the world's fair last week.

Col. Davis will erect a beautiful cottage at the Ingleside this season.

Mr. and Mrs Frank Hansel, of Chicago, are guests of the Ramaker House.

Mr. H. Delany and wife and children, of Evanston, are visiting at the Paddock House.

Messrs. Neumaster and Goodman are entertaining their relatives and quite a number of guests from the city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Buckland, of Munster, visited with relatives here and at Gurnee and Waukegan a few days recently.

Miss Angle, sister of Mrs. Robert Selter, was badly bitten in the hand by a dog last week. The wound although painful yet is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Thomas Tucker, of Chicago, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mary Allen. The Misses Nellie and Millie Soule will return with her and visit the world's fair.

The beautiful silver cup presented to the Fox Lake Yacht Club by Col. Davis at their annual banquet at the Grand Pacific last winter will be raced for this season by the various boats here.

(Too late For last Week.)

Last week Monday a goodly number of neighbors and friends gathered at the Efinger House, the occasion being the birthday of Mr. Goodman. The party was a surprise to him but it did not take him long to recover from the suddenness of the affair and he set about making the people comfortable and happy in a way that showed him to be a royal entertainer. Before the guests had been in the house ten minutes they felt perfectly at home, and dancing, singing and speaking were soon inaugurated. Those who did not care to dance spent the evening in playing games and in social converse. At twelve o'clock refreshments were served, after which dancing was resumed and continued to be the favorite amusement until the first faint streaks of gray in the east warned the gay revelers of the approach of day. feeling that the hours had slipped by wonderfully rapid the guests departed for their homes after wishing Mr. Goodman many happy returns of the day.

A GUEST.

**Notice.**

On and after June 1st, 1893, we the undersigned blacksmiths of Antioch and Lake Villa, have decided to raise the price on horse shoeing and will then charge 20 cents for setting shoes, 25 cents for toeing and setting shoes and 40 cents for new shoes.

H. POTTER,
J. PESTER,
J. E. DIDAMA,
G. GRICE.

**OBITUARY.**

The subject of this sketch, William E. Thayer was born in Hampshire Co., Mass., Nov. 22d, 1821, landed in Southport, now Kenosha, in July, 1839. From there he came to the town of Warren, Lake Co., Ills., where he remained a short time and then moved to the town of Antioch, where he resided at the time of his death, which occurred on Sunday, May 21, 1893, from heart failure. Mr. Thayer was married to Miss Jennett Strang Sep. 17th, 1845. Five children were born of the union, Mary Elizabeth, wife of John Adams, died Aug. 19, 1872, Parnell, residing at Evanston, Cook Co., Ills. John and George, who were residing with their parents at the time of Mr. Thayer's death, having for a number of years past conducted the farm near Millburn, Dora, wife of George Webb, of Lake Villa. The aged wife and the four last named children survive to mourn the death of a kind and loving husband and father, who has gone on before them.

Mr. Thayer was well and favorably known in all parts of this county and was a man of undoubted integrity and honesty. Being one of the early pioneers of this section he suffered many of the trials and hardships that fell to their lot, but by industry and frugality had acquired a competency for old age and was arranging to erect a dwelling house in this village where he and his aged life partner could spend their declining years free from the labors of the farm, but the messenger of death called him to another home more bright and beautiful than this.

The remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at Millburn in the family lot by the side of his parents. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Sturges of Hickory.

The sorrowing wife and family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Frank—"I almost believe you are merely flirting with me just to make Thomas jealous."

Fanny.—"Nothing of the sort. If that had been my intention I should have picked out a better looking man."

W. E. BENT.

**Pasture For Rent.**

Parties wishing to secure pasture for their stock during the summer call on or address Wm. Ramaker or C. B. Little, Grass Lake, Ill.

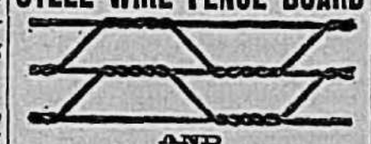

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A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.


**PAY UP NOTICE.**

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray on account are requested to call and settle the same at their earliest convenience. Owing to the change in firm it is necessary that all our accounts be closed up at once. Very Resp.

BROGAN & GRAY.

**WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS.**

An intending visitor to the coming World's Fair at Chicago need have no fear as to the possibility of securing satisfactory accommodations, at reasonable rates, at either the many hotels or residences listed in a neat phamphlet entitled, "Homes for Visitors to the World's Fair," compiled at great expense and published by a trustworthy Chicago firm. This book contains a list of about 9,000 private families who will accommodate visitors in Chicago during the time of the fair, viz: May 1st to October 30; gives their names and addresses, and number of rooms each will have to spare. The book also gives a list of the hotels and their locations; has twelve full-page, large-scale maps, each representing a section of the city, so that with this information before him the intending visitor himself can, at leisure, select the quarter of the city in which he would prefer to stop, corresponding IN ADVANCE with one or more families in that locality with regard to rates and the accommodations desired.

The Wisconsin Central Lines will in due time publish low excursion rates to Chicago and return for this occasion, while its double daily passenger train service, including through sleeping and dining cars to Chicago, will as usual be at the head of the list in every particular.

To help you in fixing *in advance* upon your place of residence while attending the World's Fair, we have placed in the hands of our agent at your station copies of this work, which may be obtained at 50 cents per copy.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. & T. A.


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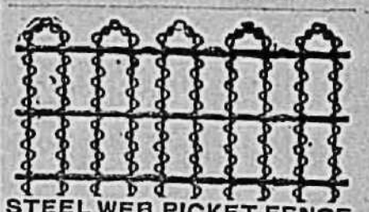
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THE ADVERTISER is the oldest newspaper in New York City. It's weekly edition is published in two sections and comes out every Tuesday and Friday—104 times during the year; has six to eight pages every issue, is well printed, has plenty of pictures, short stories telegraphic news, financial and market reports, a woman's page and the ablest editorials published by any New York paper. It is a model home paper, with elevating and entertaining reading matter, devoid of sensations and objectionable advertisements. All for $1.00 a year. Specimen copies and Premium Lists with full particulars of the attractive inducements for Agents, sent free on application to

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20 Park Row, N. Y.

AMES & SON,
• ARE BOUND TO LEAD •
IF THERE IS ANY NEW DESIRABLE THING THEY SELL IT.
The L. R. ERSKINE Co.,
Waterproof Paints
Pure Lands, Oils & Varnishes,
HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME,
Wear well, Look well, Don't fade, ARE GUARANTEED
And are not dear.
AMES & SON, Sole Agents,
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STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE
18 to 50 inches high; pickets 2½ and cables 6½ inches apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware trade. Write for circulars.
DE KALB FENCE CO., - DE KALB, ILL.
—FOR SALE BY—
A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

HERE TO STAY.
L. M. HAYNES,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Has decided to remain in Antioch during this season and attend to anything in the BUILDING LINE
PROMPTLY AND IN A WORK-MAN-LIKE MANNER.
All I ask is an opportunity to figure on your work before you let your Contract, and will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.
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THE NEWS OFFICE Is prepared do all kinds of Job Printing.

THE
STAR MEAT MARKET.
—:OUR STOCK OF MEATS IS COMPLETE IN ALL LINES.:—
Families and Hotels supplied at Reasonable Rates.
Orders by mail delivered same day as received. Cash paid for hides.
WE HAVE REDUCED THE PRICE ON ALL OUR MEAT. TERMS STRICTLY CASH.
SIBLEY BROTHERS,
ANTIOCH, ILL.

# FROM THE CAPITAL.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

### Some Offices That Go Begging.

Washington, May 20, '93.—Offices that go begging! It would hardly be supposed that there were any such, judging from the swarm of place-hunters that has beseiged Washington for the past two months. In fact, however, there are many salaried positions in the Government's gift which it is hard to get men to accept. Some of them involve great danger to life, while others are too poorly paid to be desirable. It is in the Postoffice Department, though, that offices go begging by wholesale. There are thousands of fourth-class postoffices which it is hard to get anybody to accept. People are constantly sending in requests to the effect that a postmaster be appointed at this or that out-of-the-way spot, but no one will take the place. There are ninety-seven resignations of postmasters now on file from the State of Washington alone, and there are applicants for only a few of these positions. Hundreds of postoffices have to be discontinued every year because nobody will take charge of them. There are ten thousand postoffices which pay to the incumbents less than $20 a year. Whenever there is a change of administration at Washington resignations of postmasters pour in. Many of them notify the Postmaster General that they have "sold out" to somebody else. Most small postoffices are in country stores, and the proprietors dispose of the mail priveleges along with the good will and fixtures of their other business. Of course, such a bargain is not recognized by the department here, but the purchaser is likely to be appointed postmaster if the neighbors endorse his application. A fourth-class postmaster gets no salary, but receives a percentage on his sales of stamps. He is allowed 100 per cent on the first $50 worth of stamps per annum, 60 per cent. on the next $100 worth, 50 per cent. on the next $200 worth, and 40 per cent. on all stamps sold over and above.

### They are Rated as Clerkships.

There are places in several of the Departments here which commonly remain vacant for a long time after the incumbents have died or resigned, because persons competent to fill them can not easily be found. Occasionally one reads in the Washington newspapers an advertisement issued by the Civil Service commission announcing that on a certain day a competitive examination will be held for the purpose of filling a situation which requires familiarity with plane and spherical trigonometry, differential calculus, the science of calculating the center of gravity of heavy ordance, three or four European languages, typewriting and stenography. The fortunate candidate is promised an appointment at $900 or $1,000 a year. If such posts were created specifically for experts it would be necessary to attach commensurate remuneration to them, but for economical reasons the Government prefers to rate them simply as clerkships. They are used as traps for highly-skilled individuals who may chance to be compelled by want of money to drop into them. Once having done so, it is difficult for them to get out. When they die or resign, the traps are baited for fresh victims.

### Is Very Accessible.

There is at least one member of the President's cabinet who, being a Democrat, carries Democratic methods into the daily conduct of his business. He is Postmaster General Bissell. It would be hard to imagine any high official in any government of the world more accessible. He is to be reached as promptly by the mechanic as by the capitalist who is able to draw his check for a million. Employes of the Postoffice Department, who have noted the simplicity of manner of their chief, are predicting that before the end of August Mr. Bissel, who is quite fleshy, will receive his callers in his shirt sleeves, making himself as comfortable as possible while transacting the public business. He is said to explain his methods by saying that the work of the department is very heavy and he has no time to waste on flummery. He also expresses the belief that, being a servant of the public, every one who wishes to see him about affairs of any importance, no matter whether to the visitor or to the government, has the right to demand and secure entrance during the hour set apart for that purpose.

### No Deficiency In the Pension Office.

The readjustment of the pension system has begun, and it is calculated that under the new administration a check is going to be given to the rapid growth of the pension list, even without the assistance of any new legislation. When the pension appropriation bill was passed at the last session of Congress it was expected that the amount appropriated would be about $15,000,000 short of the pension expenditures for this fiscal year, and it was anticipated that a deficiency of that amount would have to be provided for at the coming session of Congress. The average number of original pension cases passed on each month is expected, however, to be only about one-third what it was under the former administration of the Pension Bureau, and that instead of a deficiency there will be a surplus of about $6,000,000.

### Need not Take along their Constituents.

While the Congressmen are quietly departing from the city one by one others are arriving, and there is but little apparent diminution in their number. It is thought that the fact that they are now enabled to see the President without being forced to take along numbers of their constituents, owing to the recent notice of Mr. Cleveland that he will receive no more applicants for office at the White House will bring many of the Representatives back to Washington, although the crush which followed the inauguration has undoubtedly gone, not to be repeated during Mr. Cleveland's term. The scenes which were enacted at the White House then had no duplicate in the past, and can have none in the immediate future.

### Cleveland's Country Home Sold.

The suburban property known as Oak View, the country home of President Cleveland during his first term, was recently sold for about $40,000. The property had been subdivided since Mr. Cleveland owned it and only about two acres went with the house when this last sale was made.

## VILLAGE ORDINANCES.

**Ordinance Number Four.—An Ordinance concerning Misdemeanors, Vagrants and Offenses against Good Morals and Decency.**

*Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Antioch:*

SECTION 1.—That any person able to work in any honest or respectable calling, not having the means to sustain himself, who shall be found loitering or strolling about in any street, alley or common, or any public or private place within the limits of the village, or who shall be an idle or dissolute person, or who shall go about begging in any part of the village not having lawful business, or who shall be an habitual drunkard, or shall occupy for the purpose of lodging, or any other purpose, any barn, shed, shop or place other than is kept for such purpose, without the permission of the owner or party entitled to the posession thereof, shall be deemed a vagrant and may be punished as such.

SECTION 2.—No person or persons shall indecently exhibit any animal within the limits of the village, unless in some enclosed space out of public view.

SECTION 3.—No person shall appear in any public place in a state of nudity or in an indecent or lewd dress, or make any indecent exposures of his or her person, or be guilty of any lewd or indecent act or behavior, or exhibit, sell or offer to sell any indecent or lewd book, picture or other thing, or exhibit or perform any indecent, immoral or lewd play, or other representation within the limits of the village.

SECTION 4.—No person shall inhumanly, unnecessarily or cruelly beat, injure or otherwise abuse any dumb animal within the limits of the village.

SECTION 5.—No person shall be drunk or in a state of intoxication, or be guilty of any disorderly conduct in any street, highway, thoroughfare or public place, within the limits of the village, nor in any private house or place to the annoyance of any citizen or person, and no person shall wilfully disturb the peace and quiet of any locality, neighborhood or family within the limits of the village.

SECTION 6.—No person shall fire or discharge any cannon, gun, fowling piece, pistol or fire arm of any description, or fire, explode or set off any combustible or explosive material within the limits of the village without permission from the President, which permission shall limit the time and place of such firing and shall be subject to be revoked by the President or village board at any time after it is granted.

SECTION 7. No person shall immoderately ride or drive any horse in any avenue, street alley or lane within the limits of the village; and it is hereby made the duty of every officer, and it shall be lawful for any citizen, to stop any person who may be immoderately riding or driving as aforesaid.

SECTION 8.—No person or persons shall throw or deposit any straw, dirt, filth, shells, coal, ashes or other rubbish in any street, alley or other public place in the village.

SECTION 9.—No person shall leave any horse or other animal, attached to any carriage, wagon, cart, sleigh, sled or other vehicle, in any of the streets, avenues or lanes of the village without securely fastening such horse or other animal, nor shall any person leave any carriage, wagon, cart, sleigh, sled or other vehicle to which no horse or other animal or team is attached in any of the streets, avenues or alleys, or on any of the sidewalks within the village.

SECTION 10.—No person shall make, countenance or assist in making any improper noise, riot, disturbance or diversion, or commit any breach of the peace, in the street or elsewhere within the limits of the village, day or night; neither shall persons collect together in bodies, parties or crowds for unlawful purposes, or for any purpose to the annoyance or disturbance of citizens or travellers.

SECTION 11.—No person shall disquiet or disturb any congregation or assembly met for religious worship, by making a noise or by rude or indecent behavior, or by any profane discourse, within the place of worship, or so near the same as to annoy the worshippers or disturb the order or solemnity of the meeting.

SECTION 12.—No person shall dig any hole, drain or ditch in any street or alley in this village without having first obtained a written permission from the President.

SECTION 13.—No person shall, without first having obtained a written permission from the President, dig, remove or carry away or cause or procure the same to be done, any sod, stone, earth, sand or gravel, from any street, alley or public grounds within the limits of the village; and every parcel or load so dug shall be deemed a seperate offense.

SECTION 14.—No person shall injure or tear up any pavement, side or cross walk, drain or sewer, or any part thereof, or dig any hole, drain or ditch in any street, pavement or sidewalk without due authority, or hinder or obstruct the making or repairing of any pavement, side or cross walk which may be in process of being made or repaired under any ordinance or resolution of the village board, or under the direction of any of its officers, or hinder or obstruct any person employed by the street commissioner or village board, or any other agent or officer of the village, or the person employed by him or them in making or repairing any public improvement or work ordered by the village board, or being conducted by village officers.

SECTION 15.—No person shall hitch or fasten any horse or other animal to any ornamental or shade tree, shrub, lamp post, fence or railing, in or upon any public ground, street, alley or other public place.

SECTION 16.—Any person convicted of vagrancy, or who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance, or any other ordinance of the village, now or hereafter to be in force, wherein no different penalties shall be specified, shall forfeit and pay for each offense the sum of not less than one dollar nor more than fifty dollars, together with costs of suit, and each seperate act forbidden shall constitute a separate offense.

SECTION 17.—The continuation of, or in, any business, trade, traffic, matter or thing whatsoever, by any person, which is or may be forbidden or declared to be a nuisance by this or any other ordinance of the village, or the neglect or refusal to do or perform anything commanded in manner last aforesaid, for the space of twenty-four hours, after notice from any member of the Village Board or any of its officers or agents, or from any officer of the city, to desist, or to perform, as the case may be, shall be deemed a seperate offense, and every twenty-four hours of such continuance or neglect shall likewise be deemed a separate offense.

SECTION 18.—No person shall resist an officer or agent of the village, or of the Village Board, in the service of any process, the exercise of any power or the performance of any duty.

SECTION 19.—In all actions for the violation of any ordinance, the first process shall be a summons; provided, however, that a warrant for the arrest of the offender may issue in the first instance upon the affidavit of any person that any such ordinance has been violated, and that the person making the complaint has reasonable grounds to believe the party charged is guilty thereof; and any person arrested upon such warrant shall, without unnecessary delay, be taken before the proper officer to be tried for the alleged offense. Any person upon whom any fine or penalty shall be imposed, may, upon the order of the court or magistrate before whom the conviction is had, be committed to the county jail or the calaboose or village prison, work house, house of correction or other place provided by the village for the incarceration of offenders, until such fine, penalty and cost shall be fully paid, provided that no such imprisonment shall exceed six months for any one offense. The Board of Trustees shall have power to provide, by ordinance, that every person so committed shall be required to work for the corporation, at such labor as his or her strength will permit, within and without such prison, work-house, house of correction, or other place provided for the incarceration of such offenders, not exceeding ten hours each day; and for such work the person so employed to be allowed, exclusive of his or her board, two dollars for each day's work, on account of such fine and costs.

SECTION 20.—All ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Received third reading.
Passed May 25th, 1893.
Approved May 27th, 1893.
Published June 1, 1893.

A. G. Watson, [SEAL]
President of the Board of Trustees of the Village of Antioch.

Attest A. F. Burke, [SEAL]
Village Clerk.

### Teachers' Examination.

Examination for teachers' certificates and examination in Reading Circle work for renewal of certificates are to be held on the following dates at the places named:

Waukegan, May 27; Wauconda, June 3; Antioch, June 10; Libertyville, June 17;

The questions in pedagogy will be based on the first fifteen chapters of "Morgan"

Circulars giving further information are to be mailed to members of the Reading Circle. M. W. MARVIN, Co. Supt.

### Special World's Fair Rates.

Round trip tickets to Chicago will be in effect from April 25 to Oct. 31st, with return limit to Nov. 15, 1893, good only for continuous passage in each direction, rate $2.40.

W. F. Ziegler, Agt.

## PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

**Miscellaneous Wants.**

Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.

TO RENT—A building in a good locality, suitable for a store and a meat market with suite of living rooms attached. Enquire at this office.

**Sewing Machine For Sale.**

FOR SALE:—A new sewing machine, cheap, as the owner has no use for it. Enquire of Wm. Burke, Antioch, Ills.

**House and Lot For Sale.**

FOR SALE:—A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

**Lake Property For Sale.**

FOR SALE: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address THE NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

**Stamping Done on Short Notice.**

Leave your orders for stamping with Jennie Thorne, at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s store. She has a complete outfit and all the latest designs.

**Stamping Done Reasonable.**

**Patents.**

C. A. Snow & Co's phamphlet, Information and Advice about Patents, Caveats, Trade marks, Copyrights, etc. may be obtained free at this office.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE: A Farm of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Wilmot. $825 will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

**Wanted.**

Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms and secure choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

**For Sale.**

A fine location on Fox River for summer residence. 30 acres for sale low on easy terms, 5 miles from a depot. Enquire at NEWS office.

**For Sale, Lake Front.**

Suitable for a summer resort hotel or a colony of lake families. The finest in Lake County. Heavily timbered, fine bank, gravel lake bottom and shore, 2 miles from Antioch depot, on long time and very low price. Enquire at NEWS office.


**Village Lots For Sale,**
Long Time, Monthly Payments.
R. JOHONNOTT,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

**ATTENTION LADIES!**
With a full line of
SUMMER MILLINERY
I am now prepared to wait on one and all. Trimmed Hats, from 80c up. Call and examine goods. Rooms at residence, east of railroad.
MRS. F. L. BOUTWELL,
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

J. H. S. LEE,
**SURVEYOR,**
AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
OFFICE IN NEW BANK BUILDING,
Box 811. *Waukegan, Ills.*

**WANTED** at once. SALESMEN in every county for our
*CHOICE NURSERY STOCK*
and new varieties of
**Seed Potatoes.**
Salary or Commission. Steady employment and good pay. Send for terms.
HOOKER, GROVER & CO.
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ESTABLISHED 1866. CAVEATS. LABELS.
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We give special attention to cases rejected in other hands, also to interferences, appeals, reissues, trade-marks, the preparation of opinion as to infringement, scope and validity of patents, and the prosecution and defense of suits for infringement. Our book of instructions, terms, references, etc., sent free.
EDSON BROTHERS, Equitable Building, 1003 F St., Washington, D. C.
Send three stamps for postage on handsome illustrated booklet, "Inventive Progress," publisher's price 25 cents, and our quarto-centennial pamphlet for inventors, manufacturers and patentees.
(Mention this paper.)

**RESTORE YOUR EYESIGHT**
Cataracts, scars or films can be absorbed and paralyzed nerves restored, without the knife or risk. Diseased eyes or lids can be cured by our home treatment. "We prove it." Hundreds convinced. Our illustrated pamphlet, "Home Treatment for Eyes," free. Don't miss it. Everybody wants it. "THE EYE," Glens Falls, N.Y.

**Official.**

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points, over which both Pullmen Vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**SEE HERE!**
Don't you know that there is a place 2 miles South of Bristol, and two miles North of Pikeville, where you can buy
A BUGGY, CUTTER, THREE SPRING OR LUMBER WAGON, OR OTHER VEHICLE,
Cheaper than you can get them at any other place, also second-hand Buggies fitted up nearly as good as new, for sale, at low figures.
WE DO REPAIRING
of all kinds, in a workmanlike manner, at prices that will not rob you.
WE ALSO PAINT
Carriages, Cutters and Wagons, in the best style of the art and for little money.
If you think this all a humbug, give us a trial and we will try and convince you that it is to your interest to patronize us.
H. R. Lavey.
BRISTOL, Oct. 15, 1891.

**CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.**
We want a good live Correspondent in every locality not now represented in the NEWS. Write for terms.

**Dentistry!**

BEST SET OF TEETH, $10,00.
GOLD FILLING $1.50.
AMALGUM FILLING 50 CENTS.
GOLD CROWNS, $6,00.
EXTRACTING FREE
WHEN NEW PLATES ARE INSERTED
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Geo. R. Olcott,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS

**PATENTS**
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**The Central House,**
REFITTED AND REMODELED.
Wm. BEATY, Proprietor.
Free 'Bus, Good Feed Stable and Livery
FIRST-CLASS SERVICE.
PINE STREET, BURLINGTON WISCONSIN.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
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**TABULES**
REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.
RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief.
Price—Box (6 vials), 75 cents; Package (12 boxes), $2. May be ordered through nearest druggist, or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**PENSIONS!**
THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled
Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address *JAMES TANNER,*
Late Com. of Pensions, Washington D. C.

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UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE


**Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry**
The DIRECT ROUTE to and from CHICAGO ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES COUNCIL BLUFFS, WATERTOWN, SIOUX FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CITY, TOPEKA, DENVER, COLORADO SPRGS and PUEBLO.
SOLID VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS
of Through Coaches, Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars daily between CHICAGO, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka.
Via The Albert Lea Route.
Fast Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake and Sioux Falls via Rock Island.
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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

**500 COWS FOR SALE.**
With many years practical experience in the management of Dairy Cows I am at all times prepared to furnish Cows to any who may need them, either on time or for Cash. As I give considerable of my time to this line, together with a competent man in the West, I can furnish you Cows at any time.
A. CHINN, AUCTIONEER,
And Real-estate Dealer,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

**J. B. Story & Son,**
successors to
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
**ICE CREAM PARLOR**
AND DEALER IN
**GROCERIES,**
*TOBACCO & CIGARS.*
**Summer Drinks,**
*FRUITS & VEGETABLES*
IN THEIR SEASON.
J. B. STORY & SON,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

## THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

All day amid the thoroughfares,
That echo to the rush of trade,
The low, sweet tunes of old-time airs,
*All old, old songs are softly played.*

Throughout the long and cheerless day
Their rhythm falls in monotone,
Half silenced in the crowded way
By passing feet and wheels on stone.

He seems to watch with sightless eyes
The surging throngs upon the street;
Nor heeds he aught of roars or cries,
But listens to the passing feet

That come and go throughout the day—
The young, the old, the weak, the brave:
His time-worn tunes upon the way
*Are fitting marches to the grave.*

—Truth.

# A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"What on earth am I to do with this girl?" he asked his old housekeeper, Mrs. Morgan. "I cannot acknowledge her. I consider her birth the greatest stain upon our name. What am I to do with her?"

Mrs. Morgan was equally at a loss, until it occurred to her that she might make the young girl useful in the way of keeping accounts, a task which was both odious and repulsive to her. The squire gladly consented.

"Keep her out of my sight," he said; "be kind to her, let her have what she requires; but I would rather not see her."

Mrs. Morgan, who was a kindly, compassionate nature, did her best for the young girl. She kept her carefully out of the squire's sight. She taught her many little useful arts; but the grand struggle came when it was necessary to give the young girl a name. Hitherto she had borne that of her nurse, "Latour—Florence Latour," and one day Mrs. Morgan took courage to ask the squire if he intended to keep it.

Never had the squire been so angry with his faithful old servant.

"What name do you expect me to give her?" he asked. "Not my own. The name of Beauchamp has only been borne by those born in all honor, not by the children of shame and guilt. Let her be called Florence Latour, and teach her to be thankful that she bears, at least, the name of an honest woman."

It was strange how angry the good old squire always was over this friendless child; he was so kind, so considerate to others; he seemed to shrink even from the mention of her name, yet it was thought that he intended to make some provision for her in his will. He had told the family solicitor, Mr. Treherne, so, and the commencement of a new will was found among his papers; but the squire died quite suddenly at last, and Florence Latour was left penniless and friendless.

The heir-at-law, the cousin, was not summoned for the funeral; he received notice of the death, and was asked to hold himself in readiness to come down and take possession on the day after. He liked that much better.

"I am glad to have been spared that ordeal," he said; "anything connected with death makes me so very nervous."

"Yet you will die yourself some day," said his wife, who never neglected any opportunity of making herself amiable.

"So will you," he retorted; "but that fact does not make the idea of death any more pleasant."

Every preparation was made for their going. When Mr. Harcourt paid the bill he did not neglect any opportunity of crushing the mistress of his house by the mention of his wealth and importance. They very properly made every one who had offered the least slight, and even those who had not, as uncomfortable as possible, and then, with great rejoicing, took their departure for Weston Grange.

CHAPTER III.

A bright July evening, the day had been hot and sultry, but in the afternoon a shower of rain had fallen the sun quickly dried all traces of it away, the leaves were of a fresher green, the flowers of a fairer color; the whole earth seemed to have been gladdened and refreshed, the birds sung in the trees, and the sun shone over all like a warm, bright blessing. Weston Grange looked more beautiful on this evening than it ever had done. It was a large, gray building of grand proportions and vast extent; the gray walls were covered with ivy and thick clustering roses, with purple passion flowers and jasmine; the large balconies were filled with gayly colored flowers; the grounds surrounding the house were beautiful and picturesque, the fountains played in the sunlight, the tall cedars gave most grateful shade; there were conservatories, ferneries, waterfalls, everything that could increase the beauty or add to the luxury of the place, and to-night they were looking their fairest.

Yesterday in that vast mansion all had been gloom and misery, for grim King Death reigned supreme, but to-day he had vanished; the windows were thrown open, all traces of the late melancholy event done away with, and preparation busily carried out for the coming of the new master. Perhaps it was for this that the old house was in its gayest attire, and the birds sung so sweetly in the stately trees. The servants moved about quickly, with expectant faces. True, there had been no will discovered, but the new master was sure to give them what the old squire intended to leave them; there could be no doubt about that. But there was one face in that grand old mansion that wore no smile, no bright look; that was pale with weeping and sad with sore sickness of heart.

At the back of the house was an old fruit orchard, and in this month of July it presented a most tempting picture—rich purple plums and brown pears, rosy apples and ripe damsons. At the end of the orchard a green gate led into a wild woodland waste; a rock, the top of which was covered with green shrubs, stood there, and a pretty little cave had been scooped from the rock. The light there was very subdued and mellow; a tiny waterfall rippled from the summit of the rock and fell into the calm, clear, deep pool below.

On this bright July evening a young girl sat in the cave alone; she had been weeping until it seemed that every tear was exhausted, and she had none left to shed; she had an open book by her side, but she never turned a page. Every now and then a deep sigh would rise from the very depth of her heart and tremble on her lips.

It was such a young and beautiful face that it seemed pitiful to have deep woe and sorrow upon it. It was a face that ought to have been radiant with happiness and bright with love. Fair, with the most delicate bloom, a color that one sees in the folded leaf of a rose; dark, straight brows, and eyes blue as the summer heavens; a mouth like a rosebud; sweet, sensitive lips, perfect in shape and color; with the prettiest of all dimpled chins; a neck and throat white as ivory, rounded arms pretty little hands; the crown of all that youthful loveliness was a wealth of soft, golden hair—not red, nor auburn, nor a pale tint of brown, but bright, beautiful, sunny gold; hair that, in the sunlight, looked like the aureole round the head of a saint. Just now, in the abandonment of her sorrow, it had fallen in great shining waves, and made her beautiful as a fairy queen.

She had ceased weeping now, and sat with her sorrowful eyes fixed on the smiling sky.

"Birds live to be happy," she murmured to herself; "they live to sing, the flowers to bloom. Why do I live, to whom life brings nothing but sorrow, I who ought never to have lived at all—who have no name, no home, no friends? Why should even the birds and flowers be happier than I am?"

As she spoke a shadow fell over the entrance of the cave, and looking up, the young girl saw the kindly old housekeeper.

"Now, Miss Florence," she said, "why are you hiding yourself here? You must not act in this way."

The girl burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Oh, Mrs. Morgan, I cannot see them, I cannot bear it! Why can I not die, when God knows how I long for it?"

"God knows best, my bonny bairn. You have only seen the dark side of the cloud; there is a silver lining, and some day it will be turned toward you."

"Ah, you are kind—you say these things to cheer me. What silver lining can exist for me? The only good thing that could happen to me would be death."

Mrs. Morgan sat down by the girl's side—She took one of the little white burning hands in hers.

"We all have something to bear, and, my dear, I do not hide from you that you will have many unpleasantnesses; but the only thing is to bear our troubles bravely; weak natures sit down and repine, they cry out continually, they let everyone know their troubles. A strong nature bears up bravely, mounts upon its troubles, as it were, and forms of them a ladder to heaven."

The girl looked up with something more of hope on her face.

"I should like to do that, but I cannot; I am always looking for some one to love me—to be happy, as other girls are. You do not know how sad it is to be quite alone in the world. I am; no one loves me, no one cares for me. If I died this moment there would be no one in the world who would shed a tear for me."

"Except me," said the housekeeper.

The girl bent down and kissed the wrinkled old hand extended to her.

"Except you, she repeated. "I should indeed be ungrateful to forget you. Have you ever seen Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt or the young ladies?"

"No; they have never been to Weston Grange. But if they are anything like the Beauchamps, you will soon be at home with them."

"Will they send me away?" asked the girl, humbly; or will they let me live here, do you think?"

"I cannot tell, my dear; as they have daughters of their own, they are sure to be kind to you."

Her face brightened wonderfully.

"Do you think so? And the daughters, what will they say to me?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss Florence, I expect the whole family will treat you as though you were a poor relation depending on them, and you must try to bear it cheerfully. Take my word for it, the young ladies will be very kind to you—they are sure to be so; young girls are always kind."

"How I shall like to see them!" she said, musingly; "how happy they must be with parents to love them, money and everything to make them happy—everything they wish! What a contrast between their lives and mine! How kind their great happiness must make them! What would you advise me to do, Mrs. Morgan—must I keep out of sight until they send for me?"

The woman looked with infinite pity on that young face.

"What a shameful thing that she should have, as it were, to apologize for her existence!" she thought.

"Perhaps that would be the best, my dear," she said. "If Mrs. Harcourt mentions you to me, trust me to say everything that is kind. Now leave this melancholy place, make yourself look as nice as you can—how you have been crying, poor child!—and be ready"—

"I will," said the girl, gratefully; "and you do not think they will scold me for being here, do you?"

"How can they? It is not your fault you are here; they cannot scold you for being alive. Try and be as happy as you can. Remember my words—you will be happy some day, happier than you ever dream about being. You know you are growing up, Miss Florence, and you have a fair face of your own. Some one will fall in love with it, and then you will forget all this desolation and misery."

"I should thank Heaven!" said the girl, reverently. "I would rather have some one to love me than be rich as a queen. I do not care about money, but I do about love."

"You will have both some day," said the housekeeper consolingly. "I must go. They are to be here at 7, and I have a dinner to attend to. The lawyer, Mr. Treherne, returns to-morrow, and perhaps some arrangement will be made about you."

"Mrs. Morgan," said the girl, earnestly, "do you think any one in the wide world was ever so unhappy as I am?"

"Yes, my dear; your trouble is light compared to that of others, and if you have courage you will rise above all your sorrow in time. You know, while I live you will never be friendless; when you have anything harder than usual to bear come to my room and I will help you; above all, remember my advice and keep a cheerful face before people. There is nothing that the wealthy and the happy dislike so much as the continual reproach of a sad face."

And with these parting words Mrs. Morgan went away, leaving the girl alone. She rose slowly from her seat on the mossy stone.

"Now I must not cry any more," she said: "there must be an end to all tears. I have to be brave, patient and courageous, and meet my fate."

She walked slowly through the orchard, and as she passed through the courtyard a traveling carriage drew up to the door; from it alighted three ladies dressed in deep mourning, and a gentleman, but they did not see Florence Latour.

CHAPTER IV.

"A very decent house, indeed," said Mrs. Harcourt, as she looked round the grand old dining-room where the squire had been wont to exercise such noble hospitality, "but it wants modernizing. I should like to refurnish some of these rooms."

They had partaken of a recherche little dinner, and now sat with a bottle of the squire's famous old port, glowing like molten rubies, and a dainty dessert, consisting of purple grapes, ripe peaches and apricots.

The young ladies, after heartily enjoying these dainties, had gone to choose their rooms.

"This is a change, my dear," said Mr. Harcourt, complacently, "from the lodgings at Brighton."

"Of course it is a change," said his lady, snappishly, "but I hope, Mr. Harcourt, you will keep up your dignity before the servants; there is no need for them to know that we have not been bred well enough. Do not be so ready to admire everything, it is extremely ill-bred."

On any other occasion these words would have caused a retort which would have ended in a quarrel—a very usual thing with Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt—but the dainty, well-served dinner and the fine old port had left him in a state of mind almost seraphic.

He made no reply but smiled serenely.

"We certainly cannot blame ourselves with ever having given away too much," continued the lady, "and I do not see any necessity for altering our habits in this respect—money given away is money lost."

"You are quite right, my dear," said her husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Why the North Sea Is Green.

The green color of ocean water in high, northern latitudes depends upon the number of medusæ and other minute animal forms which inhabit it. The deep-green northern seas literally swarm with these miniature creatures, in some places as many as 128 of them having been found in a single cubic inch of water. In this proportion a cubic foot would contain 221,194, a cubic fathom, 47,775,744, and a cubic mile, 47,776,000,000,000. From soundings made in the vicinity where these creatures are found in such immense numbers it is probable that the water will average a mile in depth. Whether these forms occupy the whole depth or not is uncertain. But whether they do or not, it gives us a stupendous idea of the immensity of creation; for if the number of these little living things in the space of one single mile be so great, what an indefinite number must be required to give color to the hundreds of thousands of cubic miles contained in the oceans of the globe.—The Great Divide.

### Too Particular.

Steel—I hear you have broken off with Dolly Varden?

Penn—Yes. She made me spend *too much money on my clothes.*

Steele—How so?

Penn—She was so fastidious that she wouldn't sit on the same pair of trousers twice.

### No Sentiment About Her.

He, after being accepted—And what kind of a ring am I to buy for you, my darling? She—Well, I like one I wore last year ever so much. I will give you Charlie's address. Perhaps you will be able to buy the ticket from him at a bargain.—Texas Siftings.

# FRANCE AT THE FAIR.

## HISTORY OF SOME OF THE GOVERNMENT'S EXHIBIT.

**A Paris Correspondent Gives Some Interesting Information About the Special Exhibits by the French Government—The Judgment of Paris.**

[Paris Correspondence.]



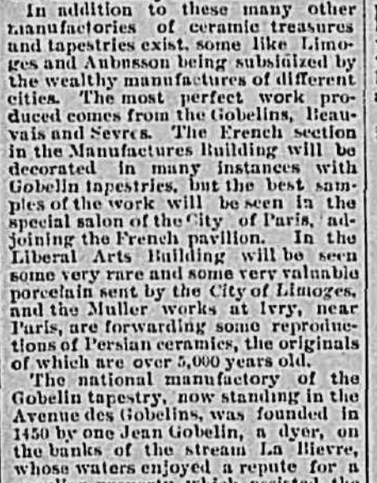
I HAVE JUST SEEN a list of the packages that have been placed on exhibition at Chicago. They are twenty-one in number and the whole collection forms such a huge bulk that a special steamship has been chartered to carry it across the Atlantic and special trains retained for its transportation from the seaboard to Chicago. It is impossible to give even a short account of the entire national exhibit of France. I must be content to-day to write on that portion of it which is, practically speaking, unknown in the United States. I allude to the exhibit of tapestries and the ceramic arts manufactured in institutions under state control and subsidized since time immemorial by the Kings, Emperors and Presidents through whose hands the government of France has passed during the last four centuries. These establishments are three in number: 1. The manufactory of tapestries and carpets at the Gobelins (Paris). 2. The manufactory for similar purposes at Beauvais. 3. The manufactory of Sevres.



OLD SEVRES BISCUIT—THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

In addition to these many other manufactories of ceramic treasures and tapestries exist, some like Limoges and Aubusson being subsidized by the wealthy manufactures of different cities. The most perfect work produced comes from the Gobelins, Beauvais and Sevres. The French section in the Manufactures Building will be decorated in many instances with Gobelin tapestries, but the best samples of the work will be seen in the special salon of the City of Paris, adjoining the French pavilion. In the Liberal Arts Building will be seen some very rare and some very valuable porcelain sent by the City of Limoges, and the Muller works at Ivry, near Paris, are forwarding some reproductions of Persian ceramics, the originals of which are over 5,000 years old.

The national manufactory of the Gobelin tapestry, now standing in the Avenue des Gobelins, was founded in 1450 by one Jean Gobelin, a dyer, on the banks of the stream La Bievre, whose waters enjoyed a repute for a peculiar property which assisted the production of certain rich tints, such as scarlet and purple, always in such great request for the dyeing of the silk thread or wools used in the manufacture of tapestry. The family of Gobelin emigrated from Holland into France and some of their descendants and connections have for centuries been workers at the institution which has taken their name and which, when France was a kingdom, was known as the Royal Gobelin Manufactory, but which is once again the National Gobelin Manufactory.



PENELOPE AT HER LOOM.

Although there are numerous private manufactories of tapestries and carpets in different parts of France, notably at Aubusson and Rheims, there is besides the Gobelins but one manufactory under the immediate direction of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, which is that of Beauvais. In the cathedral of that city is to be seen a hanging representing the acts of Christ and the apostles, after Raphael, from the Beauvis manufactory. There is also another hanging, dated 1530, representing the Trojan war, of very fine execution. Beauvais still maintains its former reputation in a more modest sphere, especially in its compositions of flowers, ornamental and hunting subjects. In Windsor Castle there are many tapestries both from the Gobelins and from Beauvais, gifts of the different courts of France, in a perfect state of preservation. Like the Gobelins, Beauvais owes much to the reign of Louis XIV., in whose time Colbert united all the different establishments of the city with the object of having them supply decorations for furniture as well as for the production of portieres and ornamental hangings. To fully comprehend the different styles of manufacture adopted at Beauvais and the Gobelins it might here be stated in a few words how the workmen proceed in both establishments.

Tapestry is manufactured in looms, the warp being sometimes vertical, sometimes horizontal. The loom consists of two cylinders held together by cross-beams. Round one of these cylinders is rolled the warp and round the other the webas it is completed. The cylinders for Gobelins are placed vertically in high warp looms, while those for Bauvais tapestries are parallel to the ground in low warp looms. They are called high warp and low warp tapestries, according as the fabric is made in the one or the other of these looms. Only a skilled eye can at first sight distinguish one from the other. Low warp tapestry requires more seams on account of the smaller size of the pieces which are obliged to be joined together in order to make the tapestry as large as those woven in high warp looms. One-third of the time is saved by the low warp looms. Notwithstanding the inferiority of the mode of manufacture by this system adopted at Bauvais, its tapestry, especially in rural scenes, has been known to rival the effect of the high warp tapestry of the Gobelins, where the manufacture of low warp tapestry has been in disuse for the past century and a half.

Almost every improvement realized in French ceramics during the present



BERNARD PALISSY.

century is due to the manufactory of Sevres, and the influence exercised by that celebrated establishment on the manufacture of porcelain, not only as regards the manufacturing processes but also in respect to the shapes and decoration, is incontestible. The national manufactory of Sevres has set an example to private industry without ever competing with it. It has no difficulty in securing the assistance of eminent artists and distinguished scientists, and is sufficiently liberally subsidized to undertake costly experiments the result of which is often doubtful. The Sevres manufactory is near Paris. It has always followed the pure precepts of true art and guided the public taste without being misled by it, and its superiority over similar establishments to be found in other countries has been universally acknowledged.

The great romance in the history of ceramics is the life of Bernard Palissy, to whom France is indebted for a purely national art. He was born about 1510 and began his professional life as a worker in glass. No man ever knocked with more pertinacity than he at the door of knowledge. Success came to him late. He was saved in 1588 by court influence from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but later on fell into the hands of the leaguers and died at the age of 80 in the Bastile. White enamel at first engrossed his attention. His most famous achievement was the rustiques figulines, with which his name is most intimately associated. These are known by imitations almost everywhere, and consist of variously shaped dishes and vases ornamented with shells, frogs, lizards, snakes, fish of several varieties, and leaves. MM. Avisseau, Pull and Barbizet have been the only successful imitators of Palissy, and appear, in fact, to have recovered the lost Palissy specialty. Samples of their work will be seen at the fair, and a far better idea will be gathered from the coming exposition than from the small exhibit shown in the French department at the Centennial.

PIERROT.

## THE GREAT SEAL.

**The Device Adopted by the United States of America.**

The device of the great seal of the United States was adopted by congress on June 20, 1782. It was designed by William Barton, Esq., of Philadelphia, at the request of the secretary of congress, Charles Thompson. Its heraldic description is as follows:

Arms—Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules, a chief, azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American baldheaded eagle displayed. The eagle holds in his dexter talon an olive branch and in his sinister a bundle of arrows. In his beak he holds a scroll inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or sun breaking through a cloud, this surrounded by thirteen stars, forming a constellation argent on an the azure field.

Reverse—A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye in a triangle surrounded by a glory. Over the eye the words "Annuit Coeptis." on the base of the pyramid these numeral letters, MDCCLXXVI., and underneath this motto, "Novus ordo Seclorum."

In giving the above description of the great seal of our country I have eliminated as much of the heraldic language as possible, thereby, in my own estimation at least, rendered it more acceptable to the average reader.

The symbolism of the device is that thirteen original states are represented by the thirteen pieces in the paly, all joined so as to appear solid, compact and entire, supporting a chief which is the symbol of congress. The colors of the pales are those of the United States flag. White denotes purity and innocence; red, hardiness and valor; blue, perseverance, vigilance and justice. Peace and war are symbolized by the olive branch and the arrows in the eagle's talons. The unfinished pyramid is interpreted in two ways, viz: To be a symbolism of strength and solidity, also as representation of the unfinished union of state, there always being room at the top for more states, or for adding more blocks to the pyramid of strength.

The overlooking eye and its motto, annuit cœptis (He favors our endeavors) alludes to the overruling and all-wise Providence.

## NOT TO THE MANNER BORN.

**A Young Lady From the West at the Inauguration Ball.**

"I beg to be excused. I don't belong in this round-up. I'm off my reservation."

That was the peculiar reply a very stylish and remarkably handsome young woman made when a society reporter struck her for a description of gowns, which must have been "fetching" indeed with that girl's splendid brunette beauty inside of them.

"Oh, well, most everybody is strange here now," was the society reporter's cheerful response. "We are very anxious to have all the notable people—"

"That's it. I'm not a 'notable,'" said the brisk young woman. "Dad's not an office-holder nor an office-seeker. He's just a plain every-day cattle baron, and we're not in it this trip. We're stampeded."

"Stampeded!"

"Si, we don't feed with these kind of cattle, you know. Our crowd is 'It;' the people all belong to the 'D.' dash range, and they've turned off the water, burned all the grass, cut all our fences and stamped us in great shape. Four years from now if you happen to be around here you will find the national ranch in the hands of the old bosses again and I'll have no objection to giving you a description of my harness. Just now I'm a stray and object to being bunched with this outfit."

The objections must have been intelligible to the society reporter for they were accepted, and the daughter of the "plain-every-day cattle baron" was excused from being "branded" as mixing with a breed of political "cattle" by which she declared she had been "stampeded."

### Stole a House and Furniture.

The novel charge of stealing a house and the furniture it contained, together with a sheep corral, a load of hay and other sundries, and carting the whole business away, was preferred against a man in Walla Walla, Wash., the other day. He was formerly a resident of that town, and a year ago he took up a ranch adjoining a sheep farm in Yakima county. The owner of the farm alleges that during the absence of his men the accused tore down the house and the sheep corral and removed them, together with the household furniture, a ton of hay and other things to his farm, on which he rebuilt the house, putting the furniture into it. The accused says it is a plot to get him out of the country, the sheepmen wanting the water on his farm.

### The World's Product of Silver.

Within thirty years the world's annual product of silver has increased from $10,000,000 to about $150,000,000. Thirty years ago the United States produced less than $5,000,000 and to-day over $60,000,000 a year. Under sufficient stimulus Mexico could alone place more silver bullion on the market every year than the whole world did in 1861.

### Faithful Betty.

New Girl—Young man has called to see you, mem.

Miss Lillian Languid, glancing at card — Mr. Fitz-James Mostah! Gracious! I'm not fit to be seen. Tell him, Betty, that I'm—oh, she's gone!

New Girl, a moment later—Yes, sir, she's in, but, gracious, she's not fit to be seen."

**The Summer Tours**

of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," are unrivalled in their variety, picturesqueness and comfort, embracing the best routes to Petoskey, Mackinac Island and Michigan Resorts, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence River, the Adirondacks, Green and White Mountains, Canadian Lakes and the New England Sea Coast.

A copy will be sent upon application to O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Chicago.

**Juvenile Modesty.**

There is a story of a benevolent gentleman who visited a certain reformatory institution near Boston, and while going over the place engaged one and another of the inmates in conversation.

The good man was quite unmindful of the fact, known to all who have seen much of that phase of life, that people in such places do not enjoy being questioned as to their personal history. At last he came to a very demure-looking youngster, and his heart went out toward the unfortunate waif.

"Well, my little man," he said, "and what are you in here for?"

"Please, sir," said the little fellow, instantly, "I'm here to set the other boys a good example."

Somewhat of the same sort is a story lately told in Harper's Young People.

"Aren't you a big boy to have a nurse?" asked an elderly gentleman of a boy whom he had met in the park.

"Oh no," said the boy. "She doesn't look after me, anyhow. She's here to take care of the boys I play with, and see that I don't hurt 'em."

**How's This!**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

THE simple operation of throwing out grain to a flock of poultry may be done in a wrong manner. The whole flock should be given "fair play" by scattering the grain widely and on clean ground.

**The Ladies.**

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

MUCH more corn is planted too deep than too shallow. Experiments conducted at some of the experiment stations for several years, and experience, agree that one inch is the best depth. As the depth increases on this the yield decreases. If the season is unusually dry and warm the plant should be deeper than if it is unusually cold and wet.

"German Syrup"

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

**Biliousness,**

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn or dyspepsia, constipation.

**Poor Digestion,**

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the heart.

**Loss of Appetite,**

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's Parilla Liver Pills ARE THE BEST. 42 Pills, 25 cents.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so safely or so promptly as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then tried S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kas.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

## STILL FIGHTING SMOKE.

**St. Louis Getting Rid of an Old-Time Nuisance—Solidity of Western Banks.**

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—The agitation against smoke has proved a great success in St. Louis and it is now evident that consuming devices will be in use generally within a few months. Nearly two thousand citizens have joined the local Smoke Abatement Association and some of the worst offenders are included in these. The willingness expressed on all hands to put in smoke-consuming devices is so great, and so many are going to do the work this summer, that by the time the fall festivity season opens there will be comparatively little smoke in the business section of the city and one very unsatisfactory feature of most advertising cities will disappear entirely.

The action of the St. Louis banks in contributing some $2,000,000 in gold to assist in restoring the traditional hundred millions, and the ease with which ten times the amount could have been contributed had it been needed, has called attention to the very conservative manner in which the banks of St. Louis are run. While the bank clearings have been doubling themselves the number of banks has increased but slightly. Hence nearly all the financial institutions are old established and the business they are transacting is of a most profitable character. Most of them have been through no less than three periods of discouraging, financial depression and have weathered the storms without an effort. It is many years since there was a run on a bank in St. Louis and such an event is really well nigh impossible.

The Travelers' Protective Association, whose national president resides in St. Louis, is arranging for a remarkable celebration in Chicago on June 10, after the holding of the Peoria convention. For all practical purposes June 10 will be T. P. A. day at the World's Fair, and several thousand angels of commerce will be on hand on that occasion. Mr. Geo. S. McGrew, who has been national president for several successive years, has definitely declined to serve again owing to the pressure of business engagements, and one of the important events at the convention will be the selection of his successor.

Last year there was a lad working in a florist's shop here who thought he was not getting on fast enough. It occured to him that many people of small means would be willing to pay a trifle to have small bouquets delivered to them every day for their dinner table. He spoke to his employer about it, and was sneered at. He got a friend to lend him enough money to send out several thousand circulars, choosing his names judiciously, and enclosed postal cards in each circular for an answer. He got so many encouraging responses that he felt justified in plunging into business for himself, and left his employer. Now, a little over twelve months since he sent out his first circulars, he is letting the contracts for a store and hot house which will cost him several thousand dollars. His idea was a good one, and he says that he sends out several hundred bouquets a day charging from twenty-five cents to ten dollars apiece for them.

The plans for the free bath-houses which are to be built this spring in time to be used this summer have been completed by the architects of the Board of Public Improvements. There will be three, one in South St. Louis one in the center of the city, and the other in North St. Louis. The cost of the three is to be $135,000. They will not be put on the river, but will be away from it some distance, and the water will come from the city water works.

**The Latest Achievement in Railroading**

This Columbian year, with its many evidences of the wonderful progress of the country, has not produced a more striking illustration than that shown by the transportation lines; the latest and most remarkable achievement of all being the placing in service of a train between Chicago and New York making the trip in twenty hours, including stops. Modern science and skill has produced engines capable of running a hundred miles or more an hour; it therefore only remained necessary to find a perfectly level roadway free from sharp curves to make the running of really fast trains not only possible, but perfectly practicable and with the same regularity and freedom from accident that characterizes the handling of slower trains by first-class lines. An engineer's ideal roadbed would be absolutely level and straight—the line of the Lake Shore and New York Central is the nearest realization of these conditions to be found in this country, as is evidenced by the recent bicycle relay races from New York and Boston to Chicago, they having followed the line of these roads the entire distance. This route was, therefore, the natural selection as the one over which the Exposition flyers should run. The schedule of these trains has been arranged particularly to accommodate the large number of business men who have interests both in New York and Chicago, and by taking advantage of this train can leave New York after the close of business and be in Chicago the next morning in time for a full day's business there. Leave Chicago eastbound, 2:00 p.m.; reach New York next day at 11:00 a. m. Leave New York at 3:00 p. m.; arrive in Chicago, 10:00 a. m. next day.

The Red sea is for the most part blue. It gets its name from the fact that portions of it are covered by minute animalculæ, which dye the surface of the water red where they float.

## JIBES AND JESTS.

James, piously—What is the gate to heaven? James' Father—Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently.

"How are you getting on with your bicycle riding, Dick?" Dick—That's the only trouble. I spend most of my time getting on.

Tommy—Paw, did you go to Sunday school every day when you was a boy? Mr. Figg—Of course I did. Why? Tommy—I thought you maybe only went on Sundays.

## IN AN UGLY TRAP.

**While Chasing a Deer a Hunter Finds Himself Walled in by Cliffs.**

Lawyer H. E. Highton is the only member of the San Francisco bar, and probably California, who goes regularly on a camping and hunting trip every year. He never spends less than a month and he often spends two months in the woods. His camp is always a good one.

For over forty years—for he is one of the earliest of California pioneers—he has kept up this custom. He has hunted with Captain Bridger, Jim Beckwith and the brother of Kit Carson, and is well acquainted with all the arts of the sportsman.

The distinguished lawyer, in his handsome office in the Mill's building, the other day, paused to recount briefly an interesting and thrilling experience in Northern California.

"It was in the summer of 1877," he said. "I had gone to a point some sixty miles this side of Lakeport, where I had been hunting deer. I had been pretty successful, had got two or three deer, and was feeling pretty well. I wanted to get over the mountains toward the geysers, so one morning I set out.

"In about an hour I had climbed to a height of about 4,000 feet. I was young and strong and went right along. Finally I came to the edge of a deep creek in the mountains. It was exceedingly rough, with precipitous sides, apparently fifteen or twenty feet down. I carefully examined the margin, but could find no place where I could safely get to the creek bed. At length I came to a peculiar shelving rock, the nearest place to it. It was a long distance down, however, and the only way I could get to the bottom was by grasping the limbs of an overhanging tree.

"Taking my Spencer rifle in one hand and the limb of the tree in the other, I let myself down and dropped to the earth. Then I got into a deer track and followed it, and soon brought down the deer. I saw considerable smaller game and got some of that. By this time it was growing late, and I saw that I must get out of the peculiar mountain basin I was in.

"To my surprise I could find no outlet. I was walled in every way. I could find no paths, no trails. Everywhere I went the precipitous cliffs shut me in. I knew exactly where I was, but I could not get out. I concluded to make one more attempt before nightfall. In climbing a cliff my feet slipped, and in bringing the stock of my gun down hard to prevent my going over my rifle was discharged, striking me in the under part of the arm and cutting an ugly hole.

"I bled fearfully. The artery had been severed. As quickly as possible I took out a lot of soiled silk handkerchiefs that had accumulated in my pockets, tore them into strips and bound up the wound as tightly as I could. Then I twisted up the bandage with a stick till it held the artery firmly together. It was only in this way, as the doctor told me afterward, that I escaped bleeding to death.

"I had had nothing to eat, and as I could not get out had to make a night of it. I wandered about for three days and four nights. Word had gone out from Masons that I was lost or dead, and about 200 men were out hunting for me. In desperation, while this was being done, I followed the track of a grizzly bear that I had seen, thinking it might take me out. I climbed through the chemisal and manzanita up a rocky defile, and was making my way slowly, when up jumped the grizzly, with open mouth, and came toward me. I stood for a moment, and then backed away as well as I could till I got out of reach.

"Meantime a Canadian over on the other side of the mountains came in on a trail that had been cut over the ridge, but not down the side. A gunshot was heard. I signaled to him, and so, after three days and four nights with no food, I finally got out to the geysers. A big crowd had gathered there, and a doctor had been summoned from Healdsburg. I took a hot bath, went immediately to bed, and in a few days was all right. I had told the Canadian where he would find the deer I had killed, and he and others went right to it and brought it out. I had, also, when I was following the bear tracks, taken my handkerchief, measured the great track and tied a knot in it. I told the Canadian hunter about the grizzly, and said if he would go up to there he would find it. He did so and killed the bear, and his foot was exactly as large as indicated by my handkerchief, showing that it was the same one from which I had escaped."

**The Second Largest Diamond.**

The second largest diamond in the world, according to foreign papers, is now being ground in one of the famous diamond shops in Amsterdam. It weighed in its natural state 174 carats. It will lose in the process of "edging" about 274 carats. Despite this loss, however, it will soon rank between the "Great Mogul," the Persian gem, which is said to weigh 280 carats, and the "Victoria," or "Imperial diamond," owned by the nizam of Hyderabad. The famous "Orloff brilliant," now in Russia, tips the scale at 194 carats. Definite information regarding the "Great Mogul" is difficult to obtain, and some say it is a jewel of only 193 carats. The "De Beers Yellow," which was sold recently to an Indian rajah, weighs 225 carats. The Antwerp diamond will be placed on the market in a few months.

**The Piano's Sounding Board.**

The sounding-board of pianos, the most important part of the instrument, is made of American spruce and is as carefully chosen as the wood for a violin.

## TIRE TIPS.

**Some Sensible Advice Given to the Man Who Invented the Best.**

"Tire inventors are a nuisance," declares British Sport, "even if at times they do prove of profit to cycling journalists or the proprietors of cycling publications. Not a week passes but some man announces that he has an invention which will revolutionize the tire trade and make every cyclist 'go in' at once for the new idea. And the best of it is that these men think it is quite the thing that they should come up to the office and waste our time and theirs by discussing their new inventions. To start to argue with them is a great mistake: once start and you never know when you will finish. If they ask you for an opinion and you give it, it never falls in with what they think. The fact is, there are too many tires now on the market, and until some radical improvement is introduced tire introduction will not be a very remunerative game to the introducers. We doubt, if a radical improvement were patented in tires, whether it would not be better to go to a good maker and let him work it. It is so difficult to get the public to believe in anything placed on the market by a new firm."

**A Lady's Duel by Proxy.**

A rather curious institution is arising in Paris, that of dueling associates of lady journalists (says a Paris correspondent). On Saturday, the lady known as Madame Severine, who was intimately connected as a friend, literary helper, and disciple of M. Jules Valles, contributed an article to the Journal, at which a M. Massard, a Socialist, took offense. He called on M. Xau, the editor, to ask for satisfaction. It being impossible to call Madame Severine out, the answer was that, in virtue of a fiction adopted for the purpose of releasing M. Xau from all responsibility in such cases, Madame Severine was supposed to be the joint author with M. Labruyere of all her articles. He had agreed to be answerable for any offense she might give. M. Massard then sent seconds to M. Labruyere, who, admitting that he was the fighting partner of the lady, referred him to a couple of male friends. The duel, which has taken place, was a fierce affair. It was fought with foils. In the second round M. Labruyere received a cut on the chin, but the doctors saying that it did not signify, there were five other rounds. The combat was ended by M. Massard running his foil through the forearm of M. Labruyere. Honor was then declared satisfied, and M. Labruyere was driven back to Paris.

**Only a Small Favor.**

Although it is a familiar saying that an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse, this is duelling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to hand.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached, the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a mile stone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon, 10 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered:

"I tould ye thot ye might lean agin the mile post, and now I would like the privilege of leanin' agin the nixt one."

The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

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The supply is limited; therefore, send address at once, or not later than July 15, 1893.

**The Largest Block of Coal.**

An enormous cob of cannel coal was recently raised from the Abram Collieries, Wigan, and sent by train to the Alexandra Dock, Liverpool, for shipment to Boston. It is said to be the largest block of coal ever dug from the earth and weighs over twelve tons. It took nine months to hew it out of the seam. When raised the cob was inclosed in a case of planks, the weight of cob and case being 13 tons 11 cwt. From Boston the coal will be conveyed by train to Chicago for the World's Fair. There have also just been shipped from Liverpool several large blocks of salt rock from the Cheshire salt district. Some of them are skillfully carved into figures.

Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, will read a paper on "Journalism as a Profession for Women," at a gathering of young men and women to be held in Lucerne next August.

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CHAPTER I.



THERE was an air of suppressed excitement about the house and the yard premises at White Cliffs which could not fail to impress the most careless observer. The atmosphere seemed charged with anticipation, which found expression in subdued but agitated activity during the entire forenoon. The old place held its breath, as it were.

Without, a Sabbath-like repose enwrapped all things. In the ample front yard, where more than a dozen century-old live oaks conspired to discourage the growth of the grass, leafy shadows were reflected from a freshly-scarified surface of hard brown earth. The White Cliffs carriage-drive made a very grand sweep from the big entrance gate around the outer circle of the old live oaks up to the low stuccoed front steps, on either side of which thick beds of purple and white violets cushioned the brown earth and were even then sweetening the chill November air.

In one of the large square rooms which looked out upon the flower-garden at the side of the house, the entire family of White Cliffs, with two exceptions, was assembled. Those present consisted of the mistress of White Cliffs and three of her sons.

"The Lorimer boys," with one exception, were great, broad-shouldered, long-legged, stalwart young men, with square determined jaws and fine eyes. Their height and their square jaws were maternal contributions. Their good looks and indomitable love of roving came from the Lorimer side.

People said there must be a troubadour or two in some of the branches of the Lorimer tree. The boys were always falling into sentimental scrapes of one sort and another. And certain it was, nothing irked them more than sitting decorously around the house "like so many tabby cats," as Rafe contemptuously described it.

They looked absurdly ill at ease this quiet afternoon, grouped idly about the open fireplace, with nothing more active on hand than watching their mother's fast-flying knitting needles.

They would have felt infinitely more comfortable with their guns upon their shoulders, their trousers securely tucked inside their top boots, their dogs at their heels, and murder in their hearts. But the spell of the unusual was upon them too. The guns were all stacked in one corner of the green-tinted hall, the dogs were in exile, and, with their three pairs of restless feet encased in faultlessly polished foot gear, the Lorimer boys sat decorously about the home hearth, patient and bored.

The mistress of White Cliffs was dressed in her best black bombazine, over which she had thriftily drawn a crisp white muslin apron. She was knitting. Divine Providence had laid the inexorable necessity upon Mrs. Lorimer of always keeping her hands occupied. She always was knitting if she was not doing something else. Apart from the swift-flying fingers, she was absolutely motionless. The restlessness which on the boys' part found expression in the shuffling of feet, unrepressed yawns, or an occasional expletive indicative of wearied patience, was only to be surmised in her case by the unnecessary frequency with which she jerked a fresh supply of wool from the big gray ball in her lap.

Her eyes, not big and soft and gray like the "Lorimer eyes," but small, blue and penetrating, never once left the dancing flames of the wood fire. Her strong, square, masculine jaw twitched occasionally, but whatever her source of inward disquiet, it found no other expression. She sat there the embodiment of self-contained strength.

The neighbors were fond of saying that "the Lorimer boys never would know what they owed their mother." That they were fully conscious of her worth, and that they still stood in considerable awe of her, great burly fellows that they were, was beyond question; but their awe was mixed with the tenderest reverence.

Suddenly a scuffling of hurried bare feet; then the big mahogany door was opened, without the ceremony of a knock, to admit a round woolly head and a small eager voice:

"I see her smoke for true this time, Mister Dick."

There was a common uprising among the men. The mistress of White Cliffs alone sat still. Whatever it was they were all waiting for, it must come to her, not she to it. She would not even meet it half way. Her needles fairly flew, and she gave an audible gasp as the boys disappeared into the hall. She knew they had gone to the veranda for the twentieth time, at least, to look toward the river through the vista cut in the woods about White Cliffs in order to give its inmates a view of upcoming steamers.

They all came trooping back presently, bringing various reports:

"Up above Duncan's," said Lorimer, resuming his chair, and laying one long brown hand along the arm of his mother's rocker. It was as if he administered comfort thereby

"Just turning the bend," said Dick.

"Moving like a snail," said Raphael, commonly known as "Rafe."

"It will be an hour before she gets here yet, then," said Mrs. Lorimer, dropping stitches in a most reckless manner, and for the first time in her life, perhaps, failing to detect and promptly rectify wrongdoing.

"Just about."

Dick replaced his soft felt hat on his knee-cap and looked about the familiar room in a new spirit of criticism. It was a severely clean room, but rather depressing in its heavy splendor. Dick frowned at it all. It looked unwelcoming.

"A few flowers wouldn't disagree with those big vases," he ventured, looking away from his mother towards the mantel ornaments above her head. "To my certain knowledge, those pampas plumes have been there six months. Things look sort of dun-colored, don't they, mother?"

At this direct question, Mrs. Lorimer's eyes traveled slowly from the dingy mantel ornaments to Dick's dissatisfied face:

"There are no flowers in the garden—none in bloom, that is. Moreover, I don't believe in assumption of any sort. She is not coming here for a visit. She is coming to stay. She may as well see us at first as she is to see us for all time."

"Then we had better whistle in the dogs and get out of these white shirts," said Lorimer, with a disarming laugh. Lorrie was the only one of the tribe who ever ventured to comment on their mother's dicta or to turn her into gentle ridicule. But she was not to be jested with to-day, even by her first-born:

"Don't be disrespectful, Lorimer. It was not by my orders that you banished the dogs. Raphael seemed to think they might shock Mrs. John Lorimer's city nerves. I consider that what is good enough for me should be good enough for John's wife."

Dick Lorimer had a habit of pertinaciously sticking to his text: "Unquestionably, mummer; and what made me think about flowers was remembering how you told us about the fine doings and the gorgeous decorations when father brought you here a bride."

The faintest possible flush mounted into Mrs. Lorimer's sallow cheeks; her eyes flashed, and her square jaw became, if possible, still more square.

"That was different. Times were different. Everything was different. It was my sisters who did it. John has no sisters. Moreover, your father never took me anywhere as a bride. I brought him here. White Cliffs was my father's wedding gift to me. And—and—" she turned her eyes wistfully upon Lorimer's handsome face, "while I meant to do the right thing by all of you boys, I wanted Lorimer's wife to be the one to take the reins when I am gone."

Lorimer put out a soothing hand. It stayed the fast-flying knitting-needles for a brief while.

"White Cliffs will need no new mistress for long years to come yet, mother. You are worth any two of us to-day."

"Say a dozen of us," said Dick, liberally. "But to return. Don't you think, all of you, that a few camellias would set the old room off handsomely?"

"There's bushels of them in bloom over at Glenburnie." This from Rafe.

"Glenburnie!"

Lorimer turned a warning glance upon Rafe. Mrs. Lorimer slowly repeated the word in a thick voice:

"Glenburnie!"

She had folded her trembling hands in her lap and turned wondering eyes on the daring suggester of this plan for beautifying the White Cliffs sitting-room.

Rafe stood his ground with outward composure:

"Yes'm, at Glenburnie. I rode past there yesterday, and the japonica bushes were loaded down with blossoms."

"They sell the flowers," said Richard, combatively, "and we are as free to buy them as anybody."

"She sells the flowers!" Scorn, surprise and disgust struggled for the mastery in Mrs. Lorimer's voice.

"Yes, ma'am. Why not?"

The frown on the mistress' forehead deepened. Lorimer looked beseechingly at the boys. Did they not know as well as he did how hard their mother had struggled for the stoicism she would need for this coming ordeal? And was it not a pity to have it shattered by dragging Glenburnie into such unnecessary prominence? There was an ominous silence.

Dick got up, and, after moving aimlessly about the room for a second, muttered something about "reporting progress," and made his escape. Rafe, going over to the window that gave him the best view of the White Cliffs flower-garden, tried to whistle down his discomfort, but only succeeded in increasing his consciousness of it, until inspired to say: "I see a few lantanas and one chrysanthemum out yonder. I'll pull them, and put them in a tumbler in her room." Then he, too, disappeared. Mrs. Lorimer's trembling voice broke the silence after awhile:

"And they knew that I would sooner see White Cliffs draped in crape from garret to cellar than made gay with a flower that grew at Glenburnie."

"Is not that putting it rather strong, mother?" said Lorimer, stooping to recover the ball of worsted which had fallen from her lap. He kneeled to replace it in the tremulous hand she stretched out for it. There was something very pitiful to the strong man in that repressed agitation. He pressed his lips to his mother's withered white palm with caressing tenderness.

She rewarded the knightly gesture with a wintry smile, as she passed her disengaged hand over his ruddy cheek in a fleeting caress. But the dark mood was not to be so easily dispelled. The frown came back as she said, in an uncompromising voice:

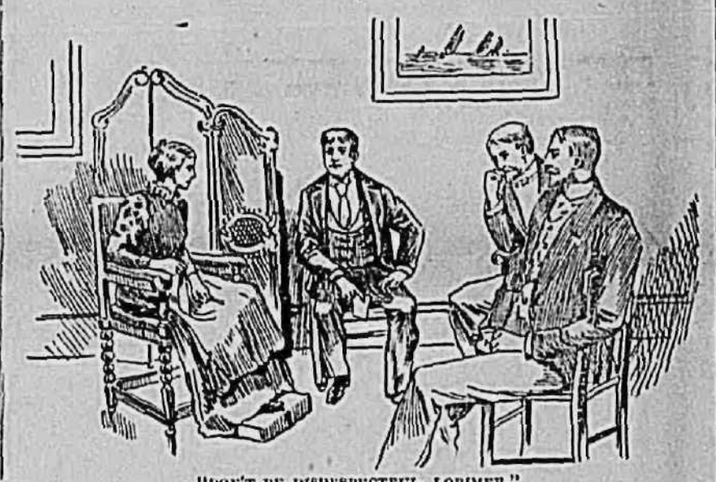
"I cannot put it too strong, Lorimer. It is impossible. You boys only guess at a few things. I meant when the last one of you came of age to have told you all about it. I was waiting for Dennis to be twenty-one. Then I meant to parcel up the land between you all, and to tell you the truth about Glenburnie."

"Dennis was twenty-one two years ago, mother. But—" hastily, as she raised imploring eyes to him—"don't let us talk about unpleasant things to-night."

"Thank you, dear." It was said almost timidly. Then she added: "Be patient a little while longer, my dear."

Lorimer looked away from his mother's disturbed face to the branches of the rose-tree that grew close enough to the dining-room window for its roses to be plucked, when there were any in bloom. He was consciously suffering a great wrong. But how was a man to go about righting a wrong put upon him by a woman, and that woman his mother?

"Lorrie, where is Duke?" Mrs. Lorimer asked, abruptly.



"DON'T BE DISRESPECTFUL, LORIMER."

"Out there with the rest of the dogs, I suppose."

"I think I would rather have him in here. He is getting old, you know."

Duke was Dennis' favorite setter, and Dennis was among the missing members of the White Cliffs circle. As Lorimer opened the door to admit Duke, the sound of wheels crunching the gravel on the drive, quite close at hand, met his ears. An eager light came into his eyes. He seized his hat and hurried towards the spot where Dick and Rafe were already stationed.

The mistress of White Cliffs laid her ball of gray wool, all bristling with shining needles, aside with slow deliberation. Her face was ghastly in its pallor. She stood up in her place, but made no forward motion. They must come to her. A fretful outcry, as of a sleepy child wakened against its will, smote on her ears. She started at the sound. Had John, so young, so inexperienced, mated with a widow? Could he have made such a fool of himself? The door was standing wide open. It sounded to her as if fifty pairs of feet were shuffling about on the resonant marble pavement. A foreign voice rebuked the fretting child. The boys, her boys, John among them, were all laughing and talking at once. They had forgotten her. She had been standing there "hours." She was already dethroned—a lonely, old, superfluous woman. No, they were coming to her. She leaned heavily against the tall back of her chair, then started as if from sleep. John's wife was holding up a sweet, tired face to be kissed.

CHAPTER II.

Among the ancestral belongings of White Cliffs was a tall corner clock of solid mahogany. It was a trustworthy timepiece, in spite of antiquity and long service. When this majestic heirloom struck nine, with the deliberation becoming to its age and dignity, Mrs. Lorimer, senior, made a final disposition of her wool and needles by dropping them into the gay calico bag which swung from one arm of her easy chair, and addressed the family circle impersonally:

"I think I will conduct my son's wife to her room. She must be fatigued after her journey."

The eagerness with which this suggestion was approved might have been construed rather unflatteringly by Mrs. John, had not she herself been most eager to act upon it. It had been an extremely difficult evening for them all, and no one was sorry to terminate it at so early an hour.

The men drew into a narrower circle about the broad fireplace, as the two women disappeared through the door held politely open for them by Lorimer.

Rafe extended the tobacco canister hospitably towards John. Four pipes were simultaneously exhumed from four pockets. Dick, eager and young, voiced the common desire:

"Now, then, old fellow, let us hear all about it. You see, your letters were tremendously scappy and unsatisfactory."

"Tremendously so."

Lorimer had come back to the fireplace and appropriated the easy chair, on whose arm swung the gay bag. He was studying John's face intently: "Wrote us by one mail that you had serious intentions concerning a young lady in your boarding house, and the next information we get is that you are going to bring your wife home to live; will be up at once."

John fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair. The steadfast gaze of Lorrie's was more than he could stand:

"Not to live, but to stay for six months or so. I had given up my place. And Nora wanted to leave town for awhile."

"And never to tell us that she was a widow! A confoundedly handsome one, Johnnie, no question of that."

The new-made groom flushed hotly. Lorimer made haste to say:

"Dick and Rafe were seeing to the luggage when you introduced the little lady as Mrs. John's niece."

John addressed himself directly to his younger brothers:

"My wife was not a widow. The child is her niece. That is all I am at liberty to tell you just now, except she was as much of a surprise to me as any of you. I did not know of her existence until after the ceremony was performed. I hope mother will not take a dislike to her. She won't be any more in the way, in this big house, than a stray kitten."

Dick laughed: "You've hit upon an unfortunate comparison. Stray kittens are mother's special detestation. But I guess between us all we'll contrive to keep this one from being ostracized."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REVENGE AT MIDNIGHT.

**Description of the Tragic Death of a Trader at the Hands of Indians.**

"There is a dash of rain on the window and a low muttering of thunder in the southwest. How still, how like statues, stand these dusky figures in the deepening shadows of the low-walled kitchen hiding the slow awakening of this man whose sleep is so crowded with weird vagaries, as his unsentient self is hemmed about with a cordon of painted demons. See—how the doomed man twists and turns, as if his chair were one of inquisitorial torture! He mutters the name of Squidrayset. There are other strange sounds that drop from the sleeper's lips, but they are lost in the beating of the storm on the thick roof. The big wet drops come down the wide throat of the chimney as if to extinguish what little fire remains in the huge fireplace.

"The old timepiece has begun its stroke of midnight—one, two, three! Sss—t! a vivid flash of lightning! It comes so near that one can hear the swish of its falling bolt, and the room is filled with a tremulous, pallid light. A deafening crash! Bagnall is at last awake. With blurred vision and comprehension dulled by sleep he is at last aware of his silent, unheralded visitors, whose coming hither at this untimely hour bodes no good to him. A wild cry of terror, a struggle in the darkness—and the trader is thrown backward and pinioned into his chair. The fire is replenished

"'With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,
Whose flaring light as they kindle falls'

on the rough stones of the broad jamb with its deep black, sooty flue, that yawns like the entrance to some hellish pit, on black cross timbers and hemlock floors, up and down the rough-plastered wall, against which stand out in sharp relief the burly shapes of the savages.

"Bagnall is on trial for his life.

"'Ugh!'

"It is the sign.

"There is the circling flash in the firelight of a dozen cruel blades, a yell of despairing agony, then the silence of the midnight comes once more."—New England Magazine.

## A MASCULINE CRITIC.

**Funny Episode at a Drawing-Room Affair in England.**

Husbands too often neglect to notice the dress of middle-aged wives. Not all of them by any means; one or two instances have occurred of late, but not one so amusing as that which happened after a dinner party not long ago. The guests were scattered about the double drawing-rooms, the inner one of which was oblong, so that those sitting in the front room could only see about two-thirds of it.

A lady was talking about British manufacturers and deploring the fact that English silk weaving has so seriously declined from its once prosperous estate.

"There, general," she said, "look at that exquisite brocade that we can just see inside the folding doors there. Spitalfields could turn out as good as that, but we may be perfectly certain that they came from French looms, if we only knew."

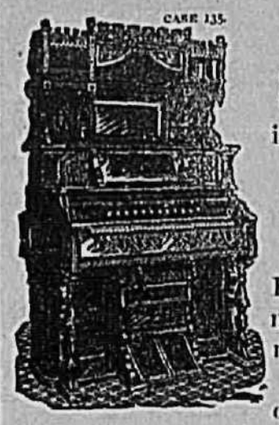
"By Jove," said the general, "it's a lovely piece of stuff. Looks expensive, too."

"Oh, about twenty-five shillings a yard," she said, when the wearer of the brocade robe walked into the room, showing herself to be the general's wife. He had never noticed what she wore, which showed a very inadequate sense on his part of his marriage vows. No man can properly love and cherish a woman if he is careless as to what she wears. Too often he heeds only the bills, and he heeds them too much.—Chicago Herald.

**It Seems to Have Been.**

Mrs. Gummey (reading)—A European scientist has been listening to the voice of a fly thro' a microphone. He says it sounds very much like the neighing of a horse.

Mr. Gummey—Perhaps it was a horse fly.—Brooklyn Life.


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